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Life and works of Henry  
W. Longfellow

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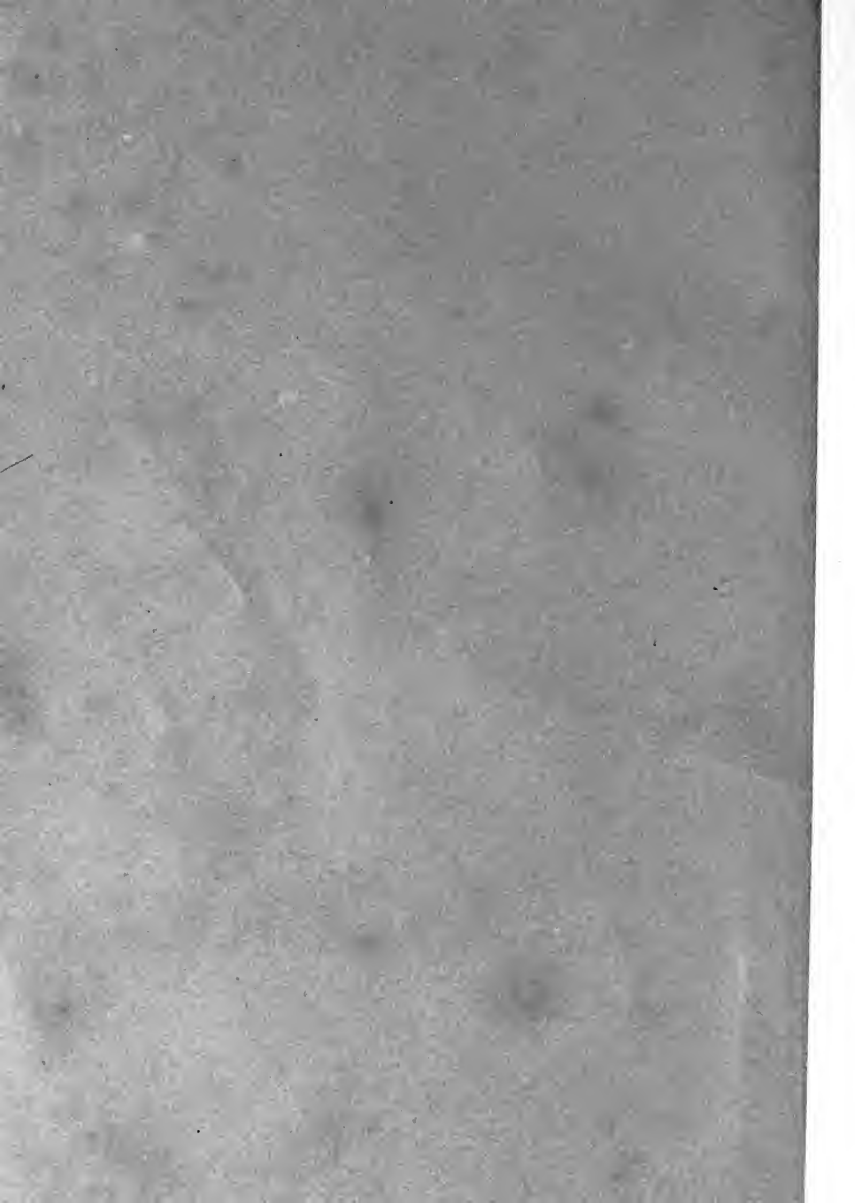
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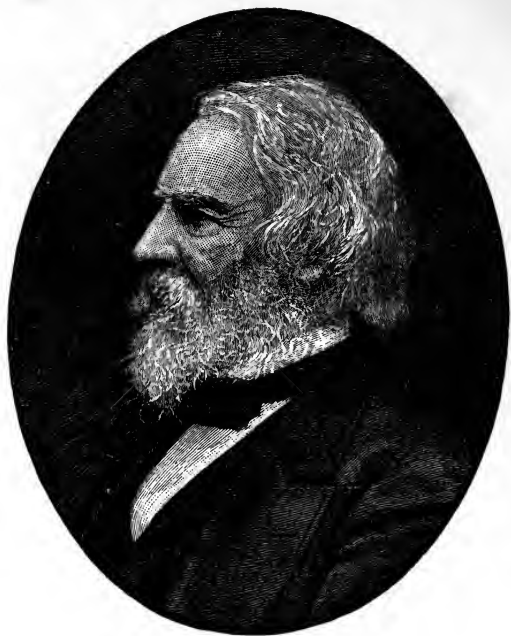
CAMBRIDGE EDITION.

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I shot an arrow into the air ;  
It fell to earth—I knew not where ;  
For so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air ;  
It fell to earth—I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found in the heart of a friend.

## NOTE.

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Our Longfellow Memorial number of the Cambridge Tribune, March 31, was quickly exhausted, and we were unable to supply the very large demand for copies. The suggestion came that a cheap and convenient hand-book, giving a rapid biographical sketch of the great poet's life, and collating from numerous sources the tributes that were spontaneously bestowed upon his memory when he passed away, by pulpit and press, by poets and friends, would serve well the popular demand. Accordingly, we have prepared, with the assistance of a gentleman who is qualified to have charge of the literary part of the work, this memorial, making use of such material as we have in hand, and quoting freely from the best sources. Our aim has been to tell the story in a succinct and vivacious manner, and by grouping in logical order gems from the choicest minds, to present a condensed and luminous summary of Mr. Longfellow's life and works. However voluminous other lives of the poet, prepared with scholarly care, shall be, we believe that none will bring into a compact and crisp form so many terse and brilliant sayings of so many authors as does our little volume. This work brings to every one, for a few dimes, a life of Mr. Longfellow which is accurate and which is replete with interesting anecdotes.

D. GILBERT DEXTER.

TRIBUNE OFFICE, April, 1882.

## VOICES.

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"Assert thyself; rise up to thy full height;  
Shake from thy soul these dreams effeminate,  
These passions born of indolence and ease,  
Resolve, and thou art free."

[*The Masque of Pandora.*

"Ah, yes! we all  
Loved him, from the bottom of our hearts."

[*The Golden Legend.*

"He was glad to do a good deed in secret, yet so near heaven."

[*Hyperion.*

"Like the river, swift and clear,  
Flows his song through many a heart."

[*Oliver Rasselin.*

"His heart was in his work, and the heart  
Giveth grace unto every Art."

[*The Building of the Ship.*

"Oh! there is something in that voice that reaches  
The innermost recesses of my spirit."

[*The Divine Tragedy.*

"And all men loved him for his modest grace  
And comeliness of figure and of face."

[*Emma and Eginhard.*

"The light he leaves behind him lies upon the paths of men."

[*Charles Sumner.*

"The search after truth and freedom, both intellectual and spiritual,  
became a passion in his soul."

[*Kavanagh.*

"Be noble in every thought  
And in every deed."

[*The Golden Legend.*

"Toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much." [*Hyperion.*

"Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds."

[*Emma and Eginhard.*

"I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze  
With forms of saints and holy men who died  
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;  
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays  
Christ's triumph, and angelic roundelays  
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;  
And Beatrice against Dante's side  
No more rebukes, but smiles her word of praise.  
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs  
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love  
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;  
And the melodious bells among the spires  
O'er all the housetops and thro' heaven above  
Proclaim the elevation of the Host."

[LONGFELLOW.]

# HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

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"Blood tells." Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the son of Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was born in Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. The house of his nativity is still pointed out, at the corner of Fore and Hancock Streets. His father was a leading lawyer of the State, who earned the title of the "honest lawyer," and was noted for his stores of legal knowledge. In politics he was an active Federalist, was a member of the famous Hartford Convention and a Representative in Congress from 1823 to 1825. His grandfather, the first of the name who settled in the State, was a school teacher. On his mother's side Henry was a descendant of the celebrated John Alden, and was named for his mother's brother, Lieut. Henry Wadsworth, "who lost his life in the harbor of Tripoli, on the night of September 4, 1804, in a gallant endeavor to destroy the enemy's flotilla by a fire ship."

The Portland of Longfellow's youth was a bustling little town of some 7000 or 8000 inhabitants, and was indeed "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea," the picturesqueness of the scenery, the enchanting outlook upon the islands of Casco Bay, the "shadowy lines" of "Deering's Woods" and the grand summit of Mount Washington far away, stimulating, no doubt, the poetic imagination of his youthful genius. Mr. E. H. Elwell, of the Portland Transcript, has given a charming picture of the early home of Longfellow, from which we take this extract:

For a number of years before the poet's birth, in 1807, the town had enjoyed great prosperity; but this was suddenly checked in that same year by the embargo which drove the shipping from the harbor,

caused the failure of many business houses, threw hundreds of men out of employment, and allowed the useless, grass-grown wharves to rot away piecemeal. This was during the years of the poet's earliest infancy, however, for by the time the events of the passing days began to be fixed in his memory the privateering enterprises connected with the war of 1812 had brought back some prosperity to the deserted wharves. On a bluff that rises steeply from the sea, a little to the east of the poet's old home, fortifications had been thrown up, in anticipation of an attack from the British, and he tells us:

"I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
And the bugle, wild and shrill."

During the progress of this war the famous fight between the "Boxer" and the "Enterprise" occurred off the coast of Maine, and both the English and Yankee captains were killed in the engagement and were buried in a cemetery which is now in the heart of Portland. To this he alludes in the same poem, "My Lost Youth:—"

"I remember the sea-fight, far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves overlooking the tranquil bay  
Where they in battle died."

After this war the trade of Portland revived, especially with the West Indies. "Everything was then done," says the essayist, "with great noise and bustle and by main strength, for lack of the appliances of steam. The discharging of a cargo of molasses set the town in an uproar. The wharves resounded with the songs of negro stevedores, hoisting the hogsheads from the hold, without the aid of a winch; the long trucks, with heavy loads, were tugged by straining horses, under the whips and loud cries of the truckmen."

It is with such scenes as these rising in his memory that Longfellow sings:

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors, with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of their ships,  
And the magic of the sea."

The intellectual stimulus of Portland in the period of Longfellow's youth was strong and healthful. The religious community was stirred by the thrilling eloquence of Dr. Edward Payson, while Parson Smith, Dr. Dean and Rev. Ichabod Nichols were men of commanding literary influence. Young Longfellow was accustomed to listen to Dr. Nichols on Sundays, and his active mind readily followed the scholarly divine, who, no doubt, exerted a lasting influence upon both the head and heart of the future poet.

It was in a small brick school-house on Spring Street that young Longfellow first attended school, kept by "Marm Fellows," from which he went to the town school on Love Lane, now Centre Street, and soon after to the private school of Nathaniel H. Carter, in a little one-story house on the west side of Preble, now Congress Street, from which he entered the Portland Academy, under the tuition of the same principal and Mr. Bazaleel Cushman, who were assisted by Jacob Abbott. Under the instruction of these stimulating teachers he was fitted for college at the age of fourteen, not exceptionally young, "but early for that time, when colleges were less exacting and boys more precocious than now." "A more remarkable class," says Lyman Abbott, "never gathered under American college roof-tree than the Bowdoin class of 1825; John S. C. Abbott, the future popular historian; Jonathan Cilley, whose reputation as a ready debater in Congress was overshadowed by his tragic death in the memorable duel with Graves; J. W. Bradbury, eminent in law and politics; George B. Cheever, the Gideon of the anti-slavery campaign, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the genius of American romance, were among Longfellow's classmates." Prof. Packard, of Bowdoin College, now an octogenarian, said on the recent seventy-fifth anniversary of our poet's birth: "I recall the appearance of a few of that class of 1825 as they sat in the old class-room of Maine Hall,—Bradbury, Little, Hawthorne, the Longfellows, Shepley and others. Why? I cannot tell why. It so happened. I cannot testify concerning him whose name we, and I may add the civilized world, fondly cherish, any more than a general statement of his unblemished character, as a pupil and a true gentleman in his relations to the college and its teachers. It is a college tradition that in his sophomore year, at the annual examination of his class, his version of an ode of Horace, which fell to him to

render, so impressed Hon. Benjamin Orr, of the committee of examination, that when the new Professorship of Modern Languages was established, his recollection of that specimen of the young sophomore's taste and scholarship led him to propose him for the position."

Lyman Abbott says of this period: "His college life was uneventful; his quiet humor never ran into wild hilarity; his gentle nature into boyish scrapes. He was genial, social, equable, then as always; ready to do a good turn to any student who wanted help; steady and studious, treasuring his time, and therefore popular with both classmates and faculty. Before Commencement Day arrived his reputation as a poet ran beyond the bounds of both college and State." His graduating appointment was one of three English orations assigned to the class, English orations at that time outranking Latin, and Josiah S. Little, of Portland, having the valedictory, which was the first in rank.

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#### PROFESSOR AT BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Six months after graduation young Longfellow, a boy of nineteen, was invited by his *alma mater* to the chair of Modern Languages, which was created expressly for him. Before entering upon the duties of the professorship he went abroad and spent three and a half years in studying French, German, Italian and Spanish on their native soil.

"Imagine where our Professor went,  
Seeking the clerkly continent;  
Over the sunk Atlantides;  
Between the Pillars of Hercules;  
Past Calpe, and the Afric shore,  
Where Hanno sailed in days of yore,  
Dipping his weary oar,  
From darkness into the Nevermore—  
For Carthage is fall'n, and Hannibal,  
Has gone, great hero! the way of all!  
Conceive the course our Pilot steered,



The coasts that appeared, and disappeared,  
 The mirror of blue  
 His bark went through,  
 The mountains that rose and sunk again,  
 The firmament and the under-plain;  
 Hither and thither, as sea-birds wheel,  
 Pushes his prow, and glides his keel;  
 Jason reaching the Golden Fleece,  
 And the Isle of Hesperides,  
 Where the guarded apples are rosily mellow,  
 And drop in the hands of this good fellow:  
*Evœ Bacchus! Io Pœan!*  
 Over the waves of the glad Ægean!"

In 1829, at the age of twenty-two, our poet fairly entered upon his life-work.

"The pupil becomes Professor,  
 Master of Tongues and Letters;  
 Able, they knew, at twenty-two  
 To teach his elders—not betters;  
 For better than poets none can be,  
 So their hearts are high and their souls are free."

Of him as professor, President Hamlin of Middlebury College wrote to Lyman Abbott thus:

"When I entered Bowdoin, in 1830, Professor Longfellow had occupied the chair but one year. Our class numbered fifty-two, the largest freshman class that had up to that time entered college, and many of its members were attracted by Longfellow's reputation. His intercourse with the students was perfectly simple, frank and gentlemanly. He neither flattered nor repelled; he neither sought popularity nor avoided it. He was a close and ardent student in all Spanish and French literature. He had no time to fritter away. But he always and evidently enjoyed having students come to him with any reasonable question about languages, authors, literature, mediæval or modern history, more especially the former. They always left him not only with admiration but guided and helped and inspired."

He discharged the duties of the professorship in his *alma mater* for five years, being a contributor meanwhile to the *North American Review*, and publishing his translation of the *Coplas de Manrique* and

his *Outre-Mer*, while his shorter poems were quite numerous, and were received with favor. His two volumes of *Outre-Mer* were popular and extensively read, though the reading public of America was much smaller then than it is at present.

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### PROFESSOR AT HARVARD.

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A wider field of labor and literature was constantly opening to young Longfellow, till in 1835, he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in Harvard College, succeeding Professor Ticknor who had resigned the chair. His passion for preparation inspired him to seize again the opportunity for travel and study, and he made a second visit to Europe, passing about two years in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Holland and Switzerland. While at Rotterdam, Nov. 29, 1835, the first great sorrow of our poet's life overtook him in the death of his estimable wife, daughter of Judge Potter of Portland. This trying bereavement seems to have been one of the Great Task-master's lessons of preparation to the rising poet, touching that chord of human sympathy which henceforth should make his verse vibrate through all hearts, as an Æolian harp, bringing sweet music to darkened souls, wiping from troubled eyes bitter tears and causing them to overflow with tears of joy. This is the secret of his greatness. In all greatness there is some sense of suffering always present. In this experience of sorrow our poet saw that his life belonged to his race; that what God had given him he must give to mankind. His consciousness made him a new witness in God's world, testifying to the strength and goodness of the Saviour. There is greatness in a life which fills the world with reflections of the diviner life and love. There is true greatness in a life which is patient in sorrow, showing the world at some new point the dignity of self-restraint and the beauty of conquered passions.

With his mind stored with the lore of the nations, and his heart made keenly sensitive to human ills, Mr. Longfellow returned to America in 1836, and entered upon the Harvard professorship, which

he held for seventeen years, "during which time not only his official but his literary labors were remarkably uninterrupted and fruitful."

Mr. Longfellow again went abroad in 1842, and passed the summer at Boppard, on the Rhine. On his return he continued his professional labors with his accustomed fidelity and acceptance, until, in 1854, he resigned his professorship, and was succeeded by his brother poet, James Russell Lowell.

The following letter of Dr. Edward E. Hall, written to the Christian Union, admirably describes the methods and efficiency in which Mr. Longfellow occupied his chair :

ROXBURY, MASS., February 5, 1881.

I was so fortunate as to be in the first "section" which Mr. Longfellow instructed personally when he came to Cambridge in 1836. Perhaps I best illustrate the method of his instruction when I say that I think every man in that section would now say that he was on intimate terms with Mr. Longfellow. We are all near sixty now, but I think that every one of the section would expect to have Mr. Longfellow recognize him, and would enter into familiar talk with him if they met. From the first, he chose to take with us the relation of a personal friend a few years older than we were.

As it happened, the regular recitation rooms of the college were all in use, and indeed, I think he was hardly expected to teach any language at all. He was to oversee the department and to lecture. But he seemed to teach us German for the love of it; I know I thought he did, and, till now, it has never occurred to me to ask whether it were a part of his regular duty. Any way, we did not meet him in one of the rather dingy "recitation rooms," but in a sort of parlor, carpeted, hung with pictures, and otherwise handsomely furnished, which was, I believe, called "The Corporation Room." We sat round a mahogany table, which was reported to be meant for the dinners of the trustees, and the whole affair had the aspect of a friendly gathering in a private house, in which the study of German was the amusement of the occasion. These accidental surroundings of the place characterize well enough the whole proceeding.

He began with familiar ballads, read them to us, and made us read them to him. Of course we soon committed them to memory

without meaning to, and I think this was probably part of his theory. At the same time we were learning the paradigms by rote. But we never studied the grammar except to learn them, nor do I know to this hour what are the contents of half the pages in the regular German grammars.

This was quite too good to last. For his regular duty was the oversight of five or more instructors who were teaching French, German, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, to two or three hundred undergraduates. All these gentlemen were of European birth, and you know how undergraduates are apt to fare with such men. Mr. Longfellow had a real administration of the whole department. His title was "Smith Professor of Modern Literature," but we always called him "The Head," because he was head of the department. We never knew when he might look in on a recitation and virtually conduct it. We were delighted to have him come. Any slipshod work of some poor wretch from France, who was tormented by wild-cat sophomores, would be made straight and decorous and all right. We all knew he was a poet and were proud to have him in the college, but at the same time we respected him as a man of affairs.

Besides this he lectured on authors, or more general subjects. I think attendance was voluntary, but I know we never missed a lecture. I have full notes of his lectures on Dante's "*Divina Commedia*," which confirm my recollections, namely, that he read the whole to us in English, and explained whatever he thought needed comment. I have often referred to these notes since. And though I suppose that he included all that he thought worth while in his notes to his translation of Dante, I know that until that was published I could find no such reservoir of comment on the poem.

Very truly yours,

EDWARD E. HALE.

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### THE POET'S HOME.

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A short walk from Harvard College, "a little back from the elm-shaded avenue which leads to Mount Auburn, stands an old-fashioned square house with a broad piazza looking out upon its garden, and its

front windows commanding a view of the quiet, unostentatious Charles River." This is the Cragie mansion, which has been Mr. Longfellow's home since 1837. The following graphic incident explains the poet's first occupancy of a room in this house: Mrs. Andrew Cragie used to let her rooms to lodgers, and in the summer of 1837 a slight, studious-looking young man banged the huge brass knocker on her front door, and asked if there was a room in the house which he might occupy. The stately old lady who came to the door, looking all the more dignified from the turban which was wound about her head, replied, as she looked at the youthful figure:

"I lodge students no longer."

"But I am not a student; I am a professor in the university."

"A professor?" She looked curiously at one so unlike most professors in appearance.

"I am Professor Longfellow," said the young man.

The name seemed to remove all the old lady's doubts, and she invited him in, with "I will show you what there is." The house had been Gen. Washington's headquarters when he took command of the Revolutionary forces in Cambridge. The old lady, proud of her house, led the young man through it, showing one spacious room after another, but always shutting the doors of each with the admonition, "You cannot have that." At length she led him into the southeast corner room of the second story, saying, "This was Gen. Washington's room, and this you may have." Here the young man gladly set up his home.

We clip from the Boston Journal this description of the Cragie estate:

"The old 'Cragie House,' which was Mr. Longfellow's home in Cambridge, was rich in associations when he first went to it as a lodger. It was builded midway in the last century by a gentleman of family and distinction, Col. John Vassal, whose gravestone in Cambridge bears upon it a sculptured goblet and a sun. After the Revolutionary War the house was sold to one Thomas Tracy, who appears to have been a sort of American Vathek, emulating as far as possible, in an uncongenial clime, the magnificent doings of the Eastern Prince. With the passing of his wealth clouds gathered about the old house. We hear of it no more until it came into the hands of the last owner

save one—Andrew Cragie. The expenses it entailed ruined him; necessity obliged him to part with all save eight of the two hundred acres, originally included in the estate, and after his death Mrs. Cragie was forced to let lodgings to the youth of Harvard—pigmies all to her, though such intellectual giants as Everett, Worcester, Sparks and Longfellow were among them.

“Of this reduced gentlewoman some curious stories are told. On one occasion her young poet lodger, entering her parlor in the morning, found her sitting by the open window, through which innumerable canker worms had crawled from the trees they were devouring outside. They had fastened themselves to her dress, and hung in little writhing festoons from the white turban on her head. Her visitor, surprised and shocked, asked if she could do nothing to destroy the worms. Raising her eyes from the book she sat calmly reading, like indifference on a monument, she said, in tones of solemn rebuke: “Young man, have not our fellow-worms as good a right to live as we?”—an answer which throws Uncle Tobey’s “Go, little fly,” quite into the shade. In 1843 the house was bought by Mr. Longfellow, and from that time, with tender love and reverent care, he has adorned and perfected it. The house is set back from the road, behind a lilac hedge blossoming in spring with purple and white. On either side are broad verandas, from which one can look across to the Charles River and the Blue Hills of Milton.”

The editor of the *Christian Union*, Mr. Lyman Abbott, has given this fascinating pen-picture of the poet’s study:

“The house, with its great fireplaces, its generously proportioned rooms, its hospitable hall and broad staircase, its quaint carvings and tiles, is itself an historic poem. The study is a busy literary man’s workshop; the table is piled with pamphlets and papers in orderly confusion; a high desk in one corner suggests a practice of standing while writing, and gives a hint of one secret of the poet’s singularly erect form at an age when the body generally begins to stoop and the shoulders to grow round; an orange-tree stands in one window; near it a stuffed stork keeps watch; by the side of the open fire is the “children’s chair;” on the table is Coleridge’s inkstand; upon the walls are crayon likenesses of Emerson, Hawthorne and Sumner; and in one of the book-cases, which fill all the spare wall space and occupy

even one of the windows, are, rarest treasure of all, the poet's own works in their original manuscript, carefully preserved in handsome and substantial bindings. The whole house is eloquent with the speech with which the poet's pen has endowed it. As one enters he fancies he hears from out the silence :

'Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country dwelt.

Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread.'

He looks wonderingly, reverentially, up the broad, old-fashioned, easy staircase, and there he sees the quaint old clock :—

'Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands,  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,  
Forever—never !  
Never—forever !'

He enters the study from which have gone forth such inspiration as in 'Excelsior' and the 'Psalm of Life,' such consolation as in 'Resignation,' such heart impulses as in 'The Children's Hour,' such elevation of toil as in 'The Village Blacksmith,' such deep devotedness of love as in Elsie's prayer, and the sacred rush of feeling blinds the eyes that look but dimly through struggling tears at the poet so loved for sacred service at every point of life's sorest need. He sits down in the carved chair made from the 'spreading chestnut-tree,' and presented to the poet by the school-children of Cambridge, and for the moment he too becomes a poet, and

'Sees again, as one in a vision sees,  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hears the children's voices shout and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.'

He listens to a double voice : that of the poet who is welcoming him most cordially to this sacred spot, that of the poet whose voice

has made the before unmeaning flame eloquent with the inspiration of his own enthusiasm; and in Longfellow's fireplace, as in no other in all this wide world,—

‘Every quivering tongue of flame  
Seems to murmur some great name,  
Seems to say to me, ‘aspire.’”

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## SECOND MARRIAGE.

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We are indebted to the Boston Evening Transcript for a vivid account of Mr. Longfellow's second courtship and marriage:

“Early in the present century, Nathan Appleton, a prominent Boston merchant, writer and publicist, married Miss Maria Theresa, daughter of Thomas Gold, a Pittsfield lawyer, who owned and occupied the fine mansion now the residence of Mrs. Thomas F. Plunkett. Mrs. Appleton appears to have been a lady of rare excellence. Her contemporaries in Pittsfield and Boston could find no terms too high to express their admiration of her graces of mind and person. Her daughter, Miss Francis Elizabeth Appleton, was worthy of such a mother. In the year 1842 Miss Appleton was with her father traveling on the continent of Europe and especially in Germany. In the same year Professor Longfellow was in Germany. He was then thirty-five years old, Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres in Harvard University. He had married very early in life and soon lost a beloved wife and infant child, whose memory he cherished to the last; but he was not unsusceptible to new love, and he became deeply enamoured of Fannie Appleton. No passion can be more ardent than that of a man of thirty-five. Mr. Longfellow was a man of fine personal appearance, with rare attainments in European culture, to which he had devoted several years of travel and study, and he had already a fame as a poet not confined to America. But still his suit did not thrive. If not absolutely rejected he was not an accepted lover.

“Both returned to America. Mr. Longfellow published his romance of ‘Hyperion,’ in which he told the story of his love; he being his own hero, under the name of Paul Flemming; the heroine, Mary



Ashburton, being Miss Appleton. It is in this romance that the song, 'I Know a Maiden Fair to See,' occurs.

"The professor followed the lady to her summer home in Pittsfield, and no lady who has read 'Hyperion' and 'Kavanagh' will blame the heroine that she then yielded to so passionate a lover. Much of the scenery and some of the story of 'Kavanagh' is derived from Professor Longfellow's wooing and marriage, although not so closely as in 'Hyperion.' The Pittsfield scenery is easily recognized.

"We give two or three extracts concerning the marriage and bride from the letters of Mr. Longfellow's life-long friend, Charles Sumner.

"Writing to John Jay at New York, May 25, 1843, Mr. Sumner says, 'You will probably find Longfellow a married man, for he is now engaged to Miss Fannie Appleton, the Mary Ashburton of 'Hyperion,' a lady of the greatest sweetness, imagination and elevation of character, with striking personal charms.'

"August 13, 1843, he writes from Boston to George W. Greene, 'You will find dear Longfellow married to the beautiful and most lovely Mary Ashburton. They were married July 13. They will rejoice to see you. They will linger among her friends in Berkshire until Saturday, Aug, 19, when they will return to Cambridge, and she will commence her life as *professorin*.'

"To Professor Mitten Marie of Heidelberg, Germany, Mr. Sumner wrote: 'You have heard of the happiness of Longfellow, who is married to a most beautiful lady, possessing every attraction of character and intelligence.'"

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## THE POET'S LITERARY WORKS.

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Many of Mr. Longfellow's best and most popular works were brought out during the time that he was a professor in Harvard College. In 1839 he published "Hyperion," whose beauty and simplicity of expression moved Barry Cornwall to read it through once a year for the sake of its style. Although a prose romance, it sparkles with the poetic spirit and remains a favorite. "Voices of the Night" followed in the same year, a little volume which made him famous as a

poet, some of the poems taking a captivating and universal hold on the popular mind. Two years later "Ballads and other Poems" were published, followed in 1842 by "Poems on Slavery." In 1843 "The Spanish Student" appeared; in 1845, "Poets and Poetry of Europe;" and the next year, "The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems." The poem which many critics pronounce his best, "Evangeline," appeared in 1847, and of which the Danish poet, Hans Christian Andersen, once said that he had never seen more beautiful descriptions of scenery, or read a more beautiful poem. His novel, "Kavanagh," was published in 1849, which in turn was followed, in 1850, by "Seaside and Fireside," after which came "The Golden Legend," in 1851. The aboriginal poem, "Hiawatha," which provoked much sharp criticism, appeared in 1855, and in spite of the critics had a prodigious run. "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which met with a flattering reception, came out in 1858; "The Wayside Inn," in 1863; "Flower de Luce," in 1867; and in 1867-70 appeared his masterly translation of Dante, which was received with the greatest favor by the scholarly world.

Mr. Longfellow has continued to publish in the *Atlantic Monthly* and in other periodicals poems marked by some of the choicest touches of his genius. His latest volumes are "Christus," which comprises in one fine trilogy the "The Divine Tragedy," "The Golden Legend," and "The New England Tragedies;" "Aftermath," "The Masque of Pandora," "Keramos and Other Poems," and "Ultima Thule," the last four being slender volumes of short poems collected from the magazines to which they were contributed, and the latest of the series bearing in its title a melancholy prophecy of finality, which is now fulfilled. His poem, "Hermes Trismegistus," was published in the February Century, and a poem from his pen is among the announcements for the May number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is probably the last literary labor to which he put his hand. The series of "Poems of Places" which he edited comprised thirty-one volumes of the "Little Classic" size, filled with choice poems having local associations or allusions, and grouped under the countries to which they refer. The superbly illustrated and complete edition of his poems recently published, and the *edition de luxe* of "Evangeline," published last autumn in England, attest the popularity of his writings on both sides of the sea—a popularity so great that the publishers find it safe to lavish

upon them the richest resources of the book-making art and the highest skill of artistic decoration, knowing that the public will give a quick and sure response to their enterprise. Among Englishmen, no other American poet holds the place which has been accorded to Mr. Longfellow, and no living English poet except the Laureate has anything like the hold upon the regard of the English people that Mr. Longfellow has enjoyed. Our limits, of course, would preclude any adequate characterization of these admirable works, which have largely constituted the glory of American literature, which have been translated into most modern languages, and which are the familiar property of cultivated men wherever at least the English tongue is known. Says one who is competent to speak on the point: "You must look to Shakspeare for a larger stock of the currency of thought than Longfellow's, for he has been quoted in Westminster Palace, in the British Parliament, and in all the pulpits of England. It is because he humanizes whatever he touches that his lyre has nothing alien to any soil. I have heard him quoted by an Armenian monk with a cowl, and sung by a camp-meeting on the hills of New Hampshire." Although we can undertake no review of any of Mr. Longfellow's works, it will doubtless be interesting to all to know the circumstances under which some of his most popular poems were composed. We quote again, therefore, from the above authority, Mr. James T. Fields:

"As I happen to know of the birth of many of Longfellow's poems, let me divulge to you a few of their secrets. 'The Psalm of Life' came into existence on a bright morning in July, 1838, in Cambridge, as the poet sat between two windows at a small table, in the corner of his chamber. It was a voice from his inmost heart, and he kept it unpublished a long time; it expressed his own feelings at that time, when recovering from a deep affliction, and he hid it in his own heart for many months. The poem of 'The Reaper Death' came without effort, crystallized into his mind. 'The Light of the Stars' was composed on a serene and beautiful summer evening, exactly suggestive of the poem. The 'Wreck of the Hesperus' was written the night after a violent storm had occurred, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe the 'Hesperus' came sailing into his mind; he went to bed, but could not sleep, and rose and wrote the celebrated verses. It hardly cost him an effort, but flowed on without let or hindrance. On

a summer afternoon in 1849, as he was riding on the beach, 'The Skeleton in Armor' rose, as out of the deep before him, and would not be laid. One of the best known of all Longfellow's shorter poems is 'Excelsior.' That one word happened to catch his eye, one autumn evening in 1841, on a torn piece of newspaper, and straightway his imagination took fire at it. Taking up a piece of paper, which happened to be the back of a letter received that day from Charles Sumner, he crowded it with verses. As first written down, 'Excelsior' differs from the perfected and published version, but it shows a rush and glow worthy of its author. 'The Story of Evangeline' was first suggested to Hawthorne by a friend who wished him to found a romance on it. Hawthorne did not quite coincide with the idea, and he handed it over to Longfellow, who saw in it all the elements of a deep and tender idyl."

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#### TITLES.

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The University of Cambridge, England, conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. in 1868, which he had previously received in Harvard in 1859. In July, 1859, he received the degree of D. C. L. at Oxford, and he returned to this country in the China on the 31st of August, 1869. In 1874 Mr. Longfellow was nominated Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh and received a large complimentary vote. He was a member of the Brazil Historical and Geographical Society, of the Scientific Academy of St. Petersburg and of the Royal Academy of Spain, and received other like honors from foreign bodies and associations of a literary and historical character, which thus expressed their appreciation of his literary work and his broad scholarship. He was a member of the American Antiquarian, and of the Maine and Massachusetts Historical and Geographical Societies.

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#### SAM WARD'S REMINISCENCES.

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Sam Ward, the accomplished man of the world, who knows equally all literature and all cuisine, was a close friend of Longfellow.

He last saw the poet on Thanksgiving Day, 1881, and heard him read his last poem, "Hermes Trismegistus." In the course of conversation he expressed great admiration of Mr. Cable's "The Grandissimes," hoping that it would set a new fashion in American novels. Mr. Ward related to a New York reporter various interviews in which he appeared as the judicious friend who reassured the doubtful poet as to the value of verses he had written, and either got them printed for him or stirred him up to the point of doing that himself. He was the cause of that delightful translation, "The Children of the Lord's Supper." "Baron Nordin, then Swedish Minister to Washington," says Mr. Ward, "gave me Tegner's poem, which I took to my dear poet, and found it a fortnight after done into English, and heard the verses ring with all their tender sensibility when read by him. "The Skeleton in Armor" was found fault with by Mr. Longfellow's Boston friends, but, says Mr. Ward, "I took the poem and read it aloud with a certain fervor inspired by its heroic measure, and I think that his own opinion was confirmed by my enthusiastic rendering of the part. I carried it to New York, where, having shown it to the poet Halleck, and obtained a certificate from him of its surpassing lyric excellence, I sold it to Lewis Gaylord Clarke of the Knickerbocker Magazine, for \$50, a large price in those days for any poetical production." Mr. Ward proceeded to say, "About ten years ago, when paying my usual Christmas visit, he read me the 'Hanging of the Crane,' two hundred lines, for which Robert Bonner of the New York Ledger paid me \$4000, having offered \$1000 when I mentioned the existence of the poem. Mr. Longfellow declined that price, when the owner of Dexter—whom the poet, in his letters to me, called 'Diomed, the tamer of horses'—quadrupled his bid and obtained the prize." In regard to "The Skeleton in Armor," Mr. Ward relates that Longfellow visited the exumed skeleton in company with his sister, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and others, and urged Mrs. Howe to write about it. Mr. Ward said Longfellow was extremely methodical, and always used every bit of time. "His translation of the 'Inferno' was the result of ten minutes' daily work at a standing desk in his library while his coffee was reaching the boiling point." Mr. Ward also spoke of his ardent friendships, his kindness to every one, and said that his warmest attachment was for Charles Sumner.

## FROM THE NEW YORK WORLD.

In his own walk he is without an equal. The grace, the purity, the sweetness, the unaffected dignity, the rhythmic felicity in form of his work, are his alone. What other poet in this English language could have taken such a bundle of pleasing and harmless sentiments as this: "Life is no delusion, but a very serious matter, nor does it cease with the dissolution of the body. The sentence, 'Dust thou art,' has reference to physical dissolution—not to the soul, which is immortal"—and have transmuted the pathetic platitudes into the first two stanzas of the "Psalm of Life?" What other poet, living or dead, could have transformed Jacob de Voragine's musty folios into another "Golden Legend," or have so searched out the poetic heart of our aboriginal myths as Longfellow has done? It is cheap and easy to say that he lacks the plastic and the enkindled imagination which belongs to the greater cycle of poets; to call him the poet of the bourgeois—"the one safe poet" of the day. But, when all this has been said, there is still a side of Longfellow which escapes such criticism, and it is the best side of the poet. All that he has written, in substance, style and rhythm, has the sunny sweetness and rich color of a well-ripened peach, and the mellow fragrance of old wine. Bourgeois facts these are—the peach and the wine. But have they no place in nature? The real moral dignity of the man, though never intruded, is always apparent in his poetry. Kindliness, courtesy, cheerfulness, charity, faith—simple qualities, but as rare and as priceless as they are simple—these you know to be inseparable traits of the poet, because you find them to be substantial qualities of the poems. Longfellow has done more than any other American writer to elevate and dignify the literary character in America. Often assailed, and sometimes with virulence and brutality, he kept his pen free from controversy, eschewed bitterness, and adorned his art by steadfast devotion. Posterity will honor in him an artist who in an eminently sensational and heady and uproarious age never wrote a sensational nor a heady line, and never printed a poem until he had brought it by repeated polishings as near perfection as he could come.



MR. LONGFELLOW IN CAMBRIDGE.

While all the English reading world feels the power of Mr. Longfellow's life, and in some sense is in sympathy with his personalism, the citizens of Cambridge, where he has lived and moved and had his being for nearly half a century, feel the special charm of the man and poet as neighbor and friend. One of his neighbors writes to the Independent :

"That the kind of appreciation in which Mr. Longfellow was held here may be better understood, it may be well to mention some of the social characteristics of 'Old Cambridge,' as it is familiarly called, or rather that portion of it in which Mr. Longfellow lived. Whether from Puritan inheritance, or the happy influence of letters, or the simple tastes and modest means of the scholars who have given tone to its society, or to the semi-rural habits encouraged by the possession of broad grounds and extensive gardens, there is a simplicity, almost homeliness, in the social life of Cambridge not

ordinarily attributed to the New England metropolis of letters. There is not only a pervading kindness within what might be esteemed the more select circles, but a freedom and friendliness of intercourse among all classes of the community seldom seen elsewhere. To this excellent social spirit Mr. Longfellow greatly contributed; certainly he largely partook of it. And this may explain how he became so closely identified with all classes of the community in which he lived, and how he gained the privilege of that general appreciation which he enjoyed."

To say that his character was spotless, that he was punctual in all business obligations, that he took a lively interest in the concerns of the city, that he was a man of sound, practical judgment, only expresses the esteem in which he was held by the sturdy portion of the community. His literary neighbors knew that his soul was open to all influences, taking hue of thought and feeling as the sky takes shade and sunshine, as the forest takes breeze or calm, and that his all-conceiving spirit voiced continually in force, variety, and delicacy, the deep emotions of the cultured heart. Over all the domain of social life, its central ranges, its quiet valleys, its sparkling rills, fell the radiance of his manhood and song. All eyes were irresistibly attracted towards him as he went out and as he came in, following him as if he were a being almost sacred. As we saw him in his ripper years, the quaint lines came to mind:

"The stainless earthly shell  
Was worn so pure and thin,  
That through the callow angel showed,  
Half-hatched, that stirred within."

The poorer classes were endeared to Mr. Longfellow by that peculiar fascination which is born of human sympathy. An Irish porter exclaimed to a gentleman: "It is on the bulletin boards that our dear friend Mr. Longfellow is dying. I have worked at his house repairing his furnace many a day. There is nobody like him in all Cambridge." We have heard workmen who were often at his residence speak of him as if they had a real affection for him. High as he was above them in intellectual culture and tastes, they were not repelled by a consciousness of factitious distinctions, but were drawn to him, knowing that his heart throbbed with tenderness and benevo-



lence. Said a cynical laborer to a neighbor: "I will make an exception of one rich man, and that is Mr. Longfellow. You have no idea how much the laboring men of Cambridge think of him. There is many and many a family that gets a load of coal from Mr. Longfellow, without anybody knowing where it comes from."

The writer in the Independent says: "The people of Cambridge delighted in Mr. Longfellow's loyalty to the town of his residence and its society. They could not fail to be gratified that he and his family did not seek the society of the neighboring metropolis, or, rather, usually declined its solicitations and preferred the simple and familiar ways and old friends of the less pretentious suburban community. Nothing could be more charming than the apparently absolute unconsciousness of distinction which pervaded the intercourse of Mr. Longfellow and his family with Cambridge society."

A lady writes: "Mr. Longfellow was so simple in his manner and so free from the habit of speaking for effect, which sometimes even great men fall into unconsciously, and made his friends so at home by his kindly courtesy, that they failed to take note of what they would so gladly remember. I know the peculiar charm of his language in talking of the commonest things; how, in speaking of the trees, the clouds, or the weather, he would express some delicate thought or quaint conceit, as agreeable as unexpected."

The people of Cambridge rejoice that their poet was not petrified into aristocratism of antiquity, and was not tempted, by his familiarity with ancient writings, to any formal rotundity of diction or obscure involution of sentence; that in coming years he will not "pass into that narrow chamber, narrowing with every generation, in which Gray, Collins, and such erudite minstrels receive frost-bitten compliments from critics and pedants." Our poet was too broad to be overcome by the temptation of learning; to prefer "the poor glitter of learned paint to God's sunlight of living smiles, the classic drops of Naiad's well or Castalian fountain to the sacred dew of human tears."

His neighbors, in his maturer years, were often reminded, as they met him, or thought of him, of the life-like description of himself in this beautiful passage from "Hyperion:"

"In ancient times there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive-wood, and, according to tradition,

had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third of gold and ivory, a great miracle of art in the age of Pericles. And thus in the citidel of Time stands Man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven; in manhood, a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly, the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory, — a miracle of art." Miracle of life rather.

His home in Cambridge was all that a man of taste and a warm-hearted parent and husband could desire. All his labors were congenial, he had good health, confidence, troops of friends and the foretastes of universal fame. Into this earthly paradise came the terrible affliction, in July, 1861, when Mrs. Longfellow, while seated at the library table amusing two of her children, accidentally touched a piece of lighted paper to her dress, which was immediately in flames. Mr. Longfellow sprang to her rescue, but she was so badly burned that she died the next day. The poet visibly aged under the grievous stroke.

Of this grief, Mr. R. H. Stoddard, in "Poets and Their Homes," writes:

"He has known poignant sorrow. Death has entered his home and taken from it his dearest. That this is a sorrow ever-abiding and one from which, in a sense, he will never recover, the years have proved. His melancholy is but dimly seen, like a smoke curling upward from a blazing fire, yet it is present always, veiling his cheerfulness and saddening his smiles. 'I never heard him make but one allusion to the great grief of his life,' said an intimate friend. 'We were speaking of Schiller's fine poem, 'The Ring of Polycrates,' and he said, 'It was just so with me; I was too happy; I might fancy the gods envied me — if I could fancy heathen gods.'"

Highly as we esteem Mr. Longfellow as a poet, the people of Cambridge esteem him equally as a fellow-citizen who was a gentleman truly and strictly polite. True politeness is one of the rarest qualities. It has been said that "politeness is the last touch, the finishing perfection, of a noble character." It is as gold on the spire, as the sunlight on the cornfield, as the smile on the lip. It flows only from the true balance and harmony of soul. Arnold was polite when the poor woman felt that he treated her as if she was a lady. In all

his associations in life a genial light plays over the framework of Mr. Longfellow's characters, and this is politeness. He was a rare combination of honest manliness and gentleness, and so merits

"The grand old name of gentleman."

Probably no public man of the many in and around Boston was more visited by strangers than Longfellow. Yet he never seemed bored, and was apparently always glad to extend all the hospitality in his power to whoever appreciated his work enough to desire his acquaintance. Last year two young ladies from Iowa, visiting in Boston, wrote a note to him, telling how much they loved his poems and what a wish they had to see him. In the next mail came a most cordial reply, appointing a time when he would be at liberty to meet them, and since then they have loved the man more than his poetry. This is but one instance of his universal kindness. His neighbors and friends in his own city will feel his loss far more than his world-wide circle of admirers. Said a gentleman who had known him long: "I shall miss his familiar form, which I used to see so often on our streets; I shall miss the cheery voice and gracious wave of the hand with which he always greeted me. I don't believe he had an enemy in the world, and I am sure that every person who ever knew him feels that he has lost a friend."

We shall sadly miss the genial presence of the deceased bard. A cheerful smile and a cordial welcome always greeted the visitor, and his life drew to itself more personal friends than any living author. Cambridge has lost one of the brightest gems in her literary crown; and has lost a *man* besides, whose private life and social charm made him an honor to the community in which he lived.

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#### MR. LONGFELLOW AND THE CHILDREN.

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It is not strange that our poet drew to himself the children, for he did not hold them at a distance, but caressed them. A Cambridge lady in the Independent says:

"My first impression of his sweetness I gathered some years ago, when I accidentally overheard him in conversation with Mr.

James Russell Lowell, as I walked behind them on Brattle Street. A sweet little girl came running by them, and I heard Mr. Longfellow say to Mr. Lowell, 'I like little girls the best,' and he continued :

'What are little girls made of?  
Sugar and spice  
And all things nice,  
That's what little girls are made of.'

We can see how by a sort of instinct all the little girls in the land are repeating the verses of the poet who loved them so well. Of late years Mr. Longfellow has gone very *little* into general society; but the archery parties recently given in his neighborhood seemed to afford him especial pleasure, and we have several beautiful afternoons to remember when he honored the Elmwood Archery Grounds and gazed upon the sport. 'How they come like a band of young braves,' I remember hearing him say, as the young men returned with arrows from the targets. In the most ordinary conversation he was forever dropping pearls, and I recall a walk on the Charles River Bridge, when, as the breeze from the river swept through the commonplace telegraph wires, he called them 'an æolian harp hung in the sky.'"

Rev. O. F. Safford narrates :

"As illustrative of his power for good over the common heart, I recall how pleased I was one day, some years ago, when riding in a street-car, in company with a child, to have the conductor stop and speak pleasantly to the little girl, saying that he had one like her at home, and then turn to me with the remark that he thought with Longfellow of children :

'Ye are the living poems;  
And all the rest are dead.'

The wayfaring man who could take such a thought as that from the poet and fix it in his heart, must have been made richer and better in his inward life."

The following story is told by Prof. Luigi Monti :

"For many years he had been in the habit of dining with the poet on Saturday. On Christmas day, as he was walking briskly toward the old historic house, he was accosted by a girl about twelve years old, who inquired the way to Longfellow's home. He told her

it was some distance down the street, but if she would walk along with him he would show her. When they reached the gate, she said: 'Do you think I can go in the yard?' 'Oh, yes,' said Signor Monti. 'Do you see the room on the left? That's where Martha Washington held her receptions a hundred years ago. If you look at the windows on the right you will probably see a white-haired gentleman reading a paper. Well, that will be Mr. Longfellow.' She looked gratified and happy at the unexpected pleasure of really seeing the man whose poems she said she loved. As Signor Monti drew near the house he saw Mr. Longfellow standing with his back against the window, his head, of course, out of sight. When he went in the kind-hearted Italian said: 'Do look out of the window and bow to that little girl, who wants to see you very much.' 'A little girl wants to see me very much—where is she?' He hastened to the door, and, beckoning with his hand, called out: 'Come here, little girl; come here, if you want to see me.' She needed no second invitation, and after shaking her hand and asking her name, he kindly took her into the house, showed her the 'old clock on the stairs,' the chair made from the village smithy's chestnut tree, presented to him by the Cambridge children, and the beautiful pictures and souvenirs gathered in many years of foreign residence. That child will carry all her life delightful memories of her Christmas call on Mr. Longfellow."

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#### LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY IN THE SCHOOLS.

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Monday, February 27, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the birthday of the poet Longfellow, was indeed a memorable day to him, to us, among whom he resides, and to the land of his birth, for the wide extent of its celebration in his honor. From Maine, the State where he was born, to Alabama, of which he has sung, from New York to California, the day was observed by unwonted numbers with affectionate admiration and enthusiasm. Nothing in the annals of literature can be compared with it. Herein is shown the proverbial power of the ballad-maker, and the beneficent influence of refined verse. The com-

memoration in Portland by the Historical Society of Maine for its biographical character is of great value and has a permanent interest. That in South Boston, at the Institution for the Blind, was touching, instructive and elevating. The address of Mrs. Howe, the dialogue by Longfellow and other poets, by Mrs. Anagnos, daughter of Mrs. Howe, and wife of the esteemed director, her own too brief poem, the speeches by distinguished gentlemen, especially that of Mr. F. H. Underwood, were all highly worthy of the place and the occasion.

Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates writes thus of the children's exercises of the Washington Grammar School:

"Individual affection and interest were manifested, and there was a moving element in the very fact of so many children from all stations of life being bound in a fraternity of feeling through the inspiring life and song of our world-famed poet. One could not help thinking, too, how the educative, refining power of what these children learn and repeat, may elevate whole households that might otherwise be strangers to so much genius and beauty. The writer long ago became convinced of the *superior* need of standard literature, even in lower schools, and devoted considerable time to it in her own. That the public institutions of learning, of all grades, are now perceiving that this is as essential as grammar or arithmetic, to the full development of the pupil, and should be undertaken as early, is a great advance. That the schools of America are becoming familiar with the works of their nation's masters, is a great stride in national and universal progress."

Mr. Longfellow's love for children was cordially reciprocated, for no other poet of our day has had so many friends and lovers among the "little people of God."

This love of the children for him was symbolized in the pretty gift which the children of Cambridge made to him in 1879—an arm-chair made from the old horse-chestnut tree on Brattle Street, Cambridge, which Mr. Longfellow had celebrated in his poem, "The Village Blacksmith." The design of the chair is very pleasing and in perfect keeping. The color is a dead black, an effect produced by ebonizing the wood. The upholstering of the arms and the cushion is in green leather. The castors are glass balls set in sockets. In the back of the chair is a circular piece of exquisite carving, consist-

ing of horse-chestnut leaves and blossoms. Horse-chestnut leaves and burrs are presented in varied combinations at other points. Around the seat, in raised German text, are the the following lines from the poem :

And children coming home from school  
 Look in at the open door;  
 And catch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

Underneath the cushion is a brass plate on which is the following inscription :

To  
 THE AUTHOR  
 of  
 THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH  
 This chair, made from the wood of the spreading Chestnut Tree,  
 is presented as  
 An expression of grateful regard and veneration by  
 The Children of Cambridge,  
 Who with their friends join in best wishes and congratulations  
 on  
 This anniversary,  
 February 27, 1879.

The following is the tender and touching poem by which Mr. Longfellow conveyed his thanks to the children :

#### FROM MY ARM CHAIR.

Am I a king, that I should call my own  
 This splendid ebony throne?  
 Or by what reason, or what right divine  
 Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song  
 It may to me belong :  
 Only because the spreading chestnut tree  
 Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,  
When in the summer time  
The affluent foliage of its branches made  
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,  
Its blossoms white and sweet  
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,  
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,  
Tossed its great arms about,  
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,  
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,  
Shaped as a stately chair,  
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,  
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride  
Repel the ocean tide,  
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme,  
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees  
The blossoms and the bees,  
And hear the children's voices shout and call,  
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,  
I hear the bellows blow,  
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat  
The iron white with heat!

And then, dear children, have ye made for me  
This day a jubilee,  
And to my more than three score years and ten  
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,  
And in it are enshrined  
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought  
The giver's loving thought.



Only your love and your remembrance could  
Give life to this dead wood,  
And make these branches, leafless now so long,  
Blossom again in song.

This poem was first published in the Cambridge Tribune from the copy of the author. Among the many beautiful poems in which Mr. Longfellow has expressed his love and tenderness for children, his "Weariness" is one of the most familiar :

"O little feet ! that such long years  
Must wander on through hopes and fears,  
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;  
I, nearer to the wayside inn,  
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,  
Am weary thinking of your road !

O little hands ! that weak or strong,  
Have still to serve or rule so long,  
Have still so long to give or ask ;  
I, who so much with book and pen  
Have toiled among my fellow-men,  
Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat  
With such impatient, feverish heat,  
Such limitless and strong desires ;  
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,  
With passions into ashes turned,  
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls ! as pure and white  
And crystalline as rays of light  
Direct from heaven, their source divine ;  
Refracted through the mist of years,  
How red my setting sun appears,  
How lurid looks this soul of mine !"

At the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge, Mr. Longfellow made the following address to the children of the public schools :

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS : I do not rise to make an address to you, but to excuse myself from making one. I know the proverb says that he who excuses himself accuses himself — and I am willing

on this occasion to accuse myself, for I feel very much as I suppose some of you do when you are suddenly called upon in your classroom, and are obliged to say that you are not prepared. I am glad to see your faces and to hear your voices. I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking you in prose, as I have already done in verse, for the beautiful present you made me some two years ago. Perhaps some of you have forgotten it; but I have not; and I am afraid, yes, I am afraid that fifty years hence, when you celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of this occasion, this day and all that belongs to it will have passed from your memory, for an English philosopher has said that the ideas as well as children of our youth often die before us, and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away."

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### ILLNESS AND DEATH.

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Mr. Longfellow had not been in good health since the death of his very dear friend, Professor Agassiz, which was such a shock to him that he never fully recovered from its effects. For some two years after that sad event his health was such as to cause great apprehension to his friends, and he was unable, during that time, to enjoy food, being obliged to live almost entirely on bread and milk. More recently he had been feeble, though not in a state of health to cause immediate alarm: On Saturday, March 18, he was out during the latter part of the afternoon walking upon the piazza of his residence, and on going into the house complained of feeling cold. At dinner he was taken suddenly ill and thought he was about to experience an attack of vertigo, and going immediately to his bed-room was taken with violent vomiting and diarrhœa. Dr. Morrill Wyman was summoned, and later Dr. J. Francis Minot. Complaining of severe pains in his stomach on Sunday, opiates were administered. His symptoms became alarming on Monday, and Tuesday his condition was worse, his lungs troubling him and violent fits of coughing

occurring. During Wednesday and the earlier part of Thursday his symptoms were encouraging, and he conversed with his family in his usual spirits; but later Thursday night he became partially unconscious, was restless, and it was feared that he would not live until morning. In the morning, however, he was some better, though his speech was rambling and incoherent, and he so continued until an hour before death, when he became partially unconscious, apparently suffering but little, until he passed away, at ten minutes past three Friday afternoon, March 24. Peritonitis was the immediate cause of his death.

Beside the poet's death-bed were his three daughters, Miss Alice, Miss Anna and Edith (Mrs. R. H. Dana); his two sons, Ernest and Charles Longfellow; Mrs. Ernest Longfellow; his brother, Alexander Longfellow, of Portland; his sisters, Mrs. James Greenleaf, of Cambridge, Mrs. Pierce, of Portland; his brother-in-law, Thomas G. Appleton, and Nathan Appleton, of Boston; and his nephews, William P. and Wadsworth Longfellow, of Portland.

When it was known that Mr. Longfellow could not recover, there was scarcely a home in Cambridge which was not pervaded by the common sorrow. The school-children, who had learned from their teachers Friday morning that their dear friend could not live through the day, were hushed and subdued, as if their spirits were in some peculiar sense touched by the spirit of their sweet singer. When the bells mournfully announced that the end had come, the common "sentiment," as one says, "if not the words, was uttered from every lip, the sun of Cambridge is extinguished." Hiawatha's lamentation seemed the appropriate expression of the universal feeling:

"He is dead, the sweet musician!  
He the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us forever;  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing!"

His neighbors thought of those beautiful lines as if they had been written in anticipation of his death:

"As a fond mother when the day is o'er  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,

Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which though more splendid may not please him more;  
So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

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#### SERVICE AND BURIAL.

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His family, knowing that he would have desired it in his deep modesty, and wishing to say farewell to him in privacy, resolved to have the funeral at the house and in the presence only of his kindred and oldest friends. It was the occasion of universal regret, for all would fain have joined in the ceremony and followed him reverently to his tomb, not from curiosity, but to tell him and to tell the world how they loved and honored him. So at his house a few friends gathered at three o'clock Sunday afternoon, March 26, to pay the last tribute of respect to the great poet. In the middle of that now historic room, where Washington and his staff used to gather, and which for forty years has been the parlor where so many eminent persons have convened with him, the ever-courteous host, lay the form of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, never again to be seen there. Among them were Ralph Waldo Emerson and daughter, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George William Curtis, President Eliot of Harvard University, Charles Eliot Norton, Rev. C. A. Bartol, D. D., Dr. Morrill Wyman, Alexander Agassiz, Miss Charlotte Fiske Bates, Samuel Ward of New York, William D. Howells, Professor Luigi Monti, Mrs. James T. Fields, Mrs. Ole Bull, Mrs. Beane (Helen Marr), Professor Horsford, Mrs. Louis Agassiz, John Owen, C. C. Perkins and Peter Thatcher of Newton. The relatives included the two brothers of Mr. Longfellow, Samuel and Alexander; Mrs. James

Greenleaf of Cambridge, and Mrs. Pierce of Portland, his sisters; his brother-in-law, Thomas G. Appleton, and Nathan Appleton of Boston; Mrs. Ernest Longfellow, Wadsworth Longfellow of Portland, a nephew, and Wadsworth P. Longfellow, a son of the poet's elder brother, Stephen.

The remains were laid in a plain casket covered with broadcloth, and bearing a single line of passion flowers. The coffin-plate bore this simple inscription:

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

BORN FEBRUARY 27, 1807.

Died March 24, 1882.

The ceremony consisted simply of a brief address and Scriptural readings by Rev. Samuel Longfellow of Philadelphia, a brother of the deceased, and of music by a choir of female voices, with a soft piano accompaniment. At the close of the services the funeral cortège of seventeen carriages then moved down Brattle Street to Mt. Auburn. The family vault, in a lot on Indian Ridge path, was reached about four o'clock, and the body quietly placed in the tomb. Here, as at the house, there were only the simplest floral tributes, and nothing but a profusion of evergreen was placed around the grave. Rev. Mr. Longfellow spoke the familiar words, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! Where is thy victory? Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." And no further ceremony was observed. The company, with the exception of the family, was driven at once to Appleton Chapel, where a memorial service was held at half-past four o'clock. The crowds began to assemble at half-past three, and by four o'clock the only unoccupied seats were those reserved for the relatives and personal friends, and shortly before the hour announced for the services these were filled. The distinguished personages noted at the house were present also in the chapel, and many others beside. Among them were General Joshua L. Chamberlain, President of Bowdoin College; Dr. George Washburn of Robert College, Constantinople; Dr. Asa Gray, Professor William W. Goodwin, Professor James Nulps Peirce, Mr. Justin Winsor, Professor C. C. Langdell, Colonel

Henry Lee, Hon. John C. Dodge, Mr. Henry P. Kidder, Mayor Fox, Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie, and Judge George P. Sanger. A beautiful harp, nearly three feet in height, made of white and yellow roses, white lilies and smilax, was placed on a table in front of the altar. One broken string signified the loss which the assemblage mourned.

The service was begun by the college choir — Professor Paine playing the organ — singing Mendelssohn's "Beati Mortui," which was followed by readings from the Scriptures and from Mr. Longfellow's works by Rev. Professor Francis G. Peabody. The following are the selections from the poet's own works:

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors  
Amid these earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death."

[*Resignation.*

"He the sweetest of all singers,  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers —  
All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing,  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sung of beauty, love and longing,  
Sung of death and life undying  
In the land of the hereafter.  
For his gentleness they loved him  
And the magic of his singing."

[*Hiawatha.*

"And I remember still  
The words and from whom they came,  
Not he that repeateth the name  
But he that doeth the will.

And Him evermore I behold  
Walking in Galilee,

Through the cornfield's waving gold,  
 In hamlet, in wood and in wold,  
 By the shores of the beautiful sea,  
 He toucheth the sightless eyes.  
 Before him the demons flee,  
 To the dead he saith 'Arise,'  
 To the living 'Follow Me.'  
 And that voice still soundeth on  
 From the centuries that are gone  
 To the centuries that shall be.

From all vain pomps and shows,  
 From the heart that overflows,  
 And the false conceits of men;  
 From all the narrow rules  
 And subtleties of schools,  
 And the craft of tongue and pen,  
 Bewildered with the search,  
 Bewildered with the cry,  
 Lo here! lo there! the Church!  
 Poor sad humanity.  
 Through all the ages meet,  
 Turns back with bleeding feet  
 By the weary road it came,  
 Unto the simple thought  
 By the Great Master taught,  
 And that remaineth still,  
 Not he that repeateth the name,  
 But he that doeth the will.

[*New England Tragedies.*]

The choir then sang the English translation of "Integra Vitæ," after which Rev. Professor Charles Carroll Everett, D. D., delivered an able extempore address, clearly estimating the literary career and character of the deceased.

The following are extracts:

"In this service of sympathy and reverent sorrow it is a comforting and inspiring thought that the feeling which has drawn us here is shared by multitudes wherever the English tongue is spoken. Many, indeed, share it to whom the songs of our poet are known only in what is to them a foreign speech. It shows our civilization in one

of its most interesting aspects — that a feeling so profound, so pure, so uplifting, should unite such a large portion of the world today. Here is no dazzling position; here is no startling circumstance; a simple life has uttered itself in song, and men listened, rejoiced and loved, and now they mourn. Yet for us there is a deeper sorrow. While others mourn the poet who is gone, we mourn the man. He was our townsman, he was our neighbor, he was our friend. We knew the simple beauty of his life; we knew its truth, its kindness, its helpfulness, its strength. We could not, indeed, separate him from our thought and knowledge of his fame and of his genius; but even this showed only his heart in its true beauty. We saw him wear the honors of the world more easily than many bear the smallest triumphs of our ordinary life. Thus we knew him and loved him, and thus we sorrow for him.

But this difference of which I speak is, after all, one chiefly of degree. He poured himself into his songs, and wherever they went he was found with them; and in these, others found the beauty of that spirit which was revealed to us through his nearer presence. Thus he drew very near to many hearts; thus many who never looked upon his face feel today that they, too, have lost a friend. You remember how sweetly and gracefully he greets these unseen and unknown friends in the dedication of one of his books. He feels their presence, though he sees them not. He enters their very households, sure of a greeting. Then he cries :

‘I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At the warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
My place shall be reserved among the rest.’

The kindly request was heeded; he found a place in many households which he had never seen, and now by many a fireside it is as though there were one more ‘vacant chair.’ \* \* \* \*  
That little volume of ‘The Voices of the Night’ formed an epoch in our literary history. It breathed his whole spirit, his energy, his courage, his tenderness, his faith; it formed the prelude of all that should come after. I do not mean that he tore open the secrets of the heart at home, but all is there, transfigured, enlarged, made universal, made the common property of all. We wander with him



through foreign lands; he takes us with him into his studies, and in his translations gives us the very fairest fruit. We hear the greeting of the new-born child; we are taken into the sacred joy of home; the merry notes of 'The Children's Hour' ring upon our ears; we feel the pains of sorrow and of loss; we hear the prayer of elevated trust; and, when age draws near, at last, when the shadows begin to fall, then we share with him the solemnity and the sublimity of the gathering darkness. \* \* \* \* \*

The literature of all ages and nations was opened to him, and he drew from all. It is said, I know, that he thus represents the culture of the past and that of foreign lands—that he is not our poet, not American. But what is the genius of our country? What is America? Is it not the very genius of our nation to bring together elements from far-off lands and fuse them into a new type of man? The American poet should represent the genius of our land. He must have no provincial muse. He may sing of forest and of sea, but not of these alone. He must be the 'heir of all the ages;' he must be the ripest fruit of the culture of all time; he must absorb all this into himself and stand free, strong, bold—a man as simple as though he had never strayed beyond his native heath. He must, in other words, be like our Longfellow. When what we may call his preparation was completed, his life still flowed on, its course gaining only greater and calmer fulness as it flowed. His age was as beautiful as his manhood and his youth. That marvellous poem, 'Morituri Salutamus,' is perhaps today the grandest hymn to age that was ever written. It is no distant dream, as it was when those sounding Spanish lines flowed from his pen. He feels its shadows, he feels that the night is drawing nigh, and yet he stands strong and calm and bold as at first. He greets the present as he greeted in old times the future. He gathers from the coming on of age, the approaching night, no signal for rest, but a new summons to activity. He cries:

'It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late till tired heart shall cease to palpitate.'

\* \* \* \* \*

He passed away! I think we have not yet learned the meaning of those words. I think we do not yet quite believe them. We half

think, still, that we may some time meet him in his familiar haunts. And does not this protest of the heart contain a truth? His spirit has been called, we trust, to higher service. Yet, he had given himself unto the world. He had breathed himself into his songs; in them he is with us still. Wherever they go, as they wander over the world, he will be with them, a minister of love. He will be by the side of the youth, pointing to heights as yet unscaled, and bidding them have faith and courage. He will be with the wanderer in foreign lands, making the beauty he sees more fair. He will be with the mariner upon the sea, he will be with the explorer in the woods, he will be in the quiet beauty of home, he will be by the side of the sorrowing heart pointing to a higher faith, and, as old age is gathering about the human soul, he will be there to whisper courage, still to cry,

“For age is opportunity, no less than youth itself.”

Thus will he inspire in all faith and courage, and point us all to those two sources of strength that alone can never fail — heart within and God o’erhead.

After the close of the address, Rev. F. G. Peabody offered a prayer and the choir sang the hymn,

“God is merciful.”

The chapel was largely filled with the humbler people of the town, Protestants and Catholics, and thousands more would have gladly been within the chapel had the space been sufficiently ample. There were some, too, as we have said, present who are known to fame and are long destined to remain so. “Very touching was it,” writes Dr. G. Z. Gray, “to see Emerson led in. Feeble as he is, he had come all the way from Concord to be present; and it was a scene to be remembered, when the only man who can vie with Longfellow for the palm of American literature came in, to say farewell to the life-long friend who had gone on before him. More than one present thought the departed was to be congratulated upon having escaped that feebleness of mind, as well as body, which marks increasingly the advanced years of the survivor. An interesting figure in the

chapel was that of Aldrich, young and handsome, with a poet's face. Mr. Longfellow once said that he regarded him as the most promising among the rising American poets, and our nation's coming laureate. Time will show. Let us hope that if he takes this place, he may exert an influence as beneficent and as pure as that of him who laid his laurels down. There were others present, of greater or less renown, — such an audience as Cambridge proudly feels can hardly be gathered elsewhere in our land. But all, humble and famous, came in sincere and affectionate grief; and solemnity rested upon all faces."

The churches in Cambridge all made appropriate and touching allusions to the great poet, in the services of the Sabbath, while several pastors devoted the entire service to the commemoration of our sweet singer. Rev. Edward Abbott, at St. Francis Church, preached an admirable discourse on Longfellow, the poet and the man, quoting liberally from the author's works. We regret that we are unable to obtain an extract—

Dr. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., made felicitous allusions in his own fit and eloquent style to the deceased in his prayers and sermon. At the Chapel of St. John, the Dean, Rev. G. Z. Gray, D. D., spoke substantially as follows, as reported in the newspapers :

"The messenger of death which has been so busy during the recent months, has now entered our midst again to summon hence the bearer of a name not soon to be forgotten, and one of whom, for many reasons, we may speak at this time and in this place. Mr. Longfellow was the foremost citizen of our town, and undoubtedly the best known and most honored of living Americans. But he was especially our pride, one who made Cambridge one of the brightest spots of the world, and in the estimation of many in all lands rendered us enviable who dwelt near him. But while his genius lent more honor to our city than any other of her sons in the realm of letters, he was also first in our community as a man. The spotlessness of his example, the dignity of his character, the breadth of his sympathies, his interest in all good movements, and the majesty and elevation of his character made him our most beloved and revered fellow-citizen, as he was our most distinguished in the eyes of others. We may well take note of the loss of such a man in our churches. The familiar words read, 'Death is the end of all men.' Fame and honors cannot arrest it. Ambition's high-

est prizes give no immunity, whatever the children of men may achieve, all must be laid aside at last. No one has known or said this better than he of whom we speak. Fifty years ago he wrote :

Our lives are rivers, gliding free,  
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
The silent grave ;  
Whither all earthly pomp and boast  
Roll to be swallowed up at last  
In one dark wave.

But then he added :

•  
But the glad messenger of love  
To guide us to our home above,  
The Saviour, came :  
Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
He suffered in this vale of tears  
A death of shame.

Longfellow was a Christian poet. His influence through all his long career was on the side of our Lord and Saviour. Not only a devout but a really evangelical element runs through his writings. Who has ever spoken more tenderly or sweetly of Jesus? On the day of his death I read in a newspaper a statement that in the far West a young woman declared in some religious gathering that she owed her conversion to one of his songs. I doubt not there are many others who by them have had their hearts softened and brought to the Redeemer's feet. Christian ministers are bound to rise up and bless a poet who writes such verses as his. All his words show a keen appreciation of the beauty and value of the church's ways. For the faults and darker passages of the past he had ever lenient and considerate words. He was not of the list of enrolled followers ; but the church thanks him today for the work he has done, and will fondly lay a chaplet upon his grave. The departed has made this beautiful chapel of ours known all over the world by his sonnet upon it. He said to Dr. Stone one day as he met him in front of this edifice, 'I never pass your grounds and this chapel without thinking of

the words of the benediction in the Prayer Book, the peace of which passeth all understanding.' In due time he wrote these lines :

'I stand beneath the tree whose branches shade  
Thy western window, Chapel of St. John,  
And hear its leaves repeat their benison,  
Or turn where hands thy stones memorial laid,  
When I remember one of whom was said  
In the world's darkest hour: 'Beloved, thy son!'  
And see him living still and wandering on,  
And waiting for the advent long delayed.  
Not only tongues of the apostles teach  
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding  
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,  
And say in accents clear as human speech:  
'The peace of God that passeth understanding,  
Be and abide with you forevermore.'

The speaker then pointed out the purity and chastity of the poet's writings, and contrasted them with the production of the school of versifiers who write under the motto of 'Art for art's sake.' There is a vast deal abroad in literature today which, though marked by genius and beauty, is not fleckless. But Longfellow teaches us that what is truly valuable comes of purity. In matters of true culture he is also our leader. All the world's literature seemed at his command. He had a knowledge of what man is and what man has said and done. His was the highest earthly culture — acquaintance with God's greatest work, humanity. The poet used well his learning for the good of others. He employed his wonderful gifts and all his varied acquirements for a benevolent and bettering purpose. We may see in his career how noble learning is when nobly used. It seems sad and strange that we shall never again behold this eminent man, whose presence in our midst lent rich distinction to our city and shed an influence among us so beneficial and so pure. No more shall we greet in our quiet streets that familiar form. Cambridge has lost its glory and its ornament. But we are richer for having had him among us, and in future years it will be with pardonable pride that we shall say to our children and our children's children, 'I knew Longfellow;' and it will be a joy to say of him, as we can say with truth

and soberness, 'He fitly sang the Psalm of Life, whose life was itself a psalm.'

Rev. Franklin Johnson, D. D., in the Old Cambridge Baptist Church, preached an appreciative sermon on the topic, "The Poet of Sympathy," from which we take this extract in the Watchman and Reflector :

"The other school of poetry is represented by the patriarch who has just passed away from the earth, full of honors, and mourned as a personal friend by thousands who never saw his face. His writings are distinguished for their beauty,—but they are distinguished not less for their purity. As he lay dying there was no line which he would wish to blot. His songs have gone into all the world,—a help to the struggling, an inspiration to the weak, a consolation to the sorrowing, a benediction to childhood, a stay and staff to age. The pulpit will learn more and more to prize the aid he has given it, and to use his words as the apostle to the Gentiles used those of the Greek poets who had caught some glimpses of divine truth, and had uttered their thought in language made charming with the genius of song.

"Longfellow may be called pre-eminently the poet of humanity. No other poet has so fully entered into our various trials and brought so much of hope and cheer. Miss Bates has collected those portions of his writings which are most helpful, under the title of "Seven Voices of Sympathy," and they make a large volume. From no other poet that ever wrote could so many things of this kind be culled. We find in the writings of all great singers utterances which go to our hearts, and aid us in the pain and sadness of life; though usually they are few and far between. But they constitute the very substance of all that our poet has produced. If the author who has made the admirable selection to which I have alluded could testify, she would say that her only embarrassment arose from the difficulty of choosing where the riches were so abundant.

'Many years ago a censorious critic refused to give a certain poet high honor on the ground that he uttered nothing new, and sang only the experiences and emotions common to all men. Macaulay well answered that this is the business of the poet, and his only business.

It is the function of genius to express that which you and I feel but cannot express. It is to give to our dumbness a language. It is to make us acquainted with our hearts by drawing out into the clear light of our own apprehension the dim and shadowy visions that had flitted before our eyes, and that we could not fully recognize or define. Bearing this in mind, we shall be prepared to pay special honor to our poet, since he fulfilled this office more perfectly than any of his predecessors or his contemporaries."

Rev. Oscar F. Safford, at a vesper service in the First Universalist Church, said, as reported in the *Christian Leader* :

"Longfellow was peculiarly the poet of my heart in boyhood. As he was to me the first poet in the order of time, he has always, among the bards, kept the first place in my affections. Certain of his early poems are associated with some of my dearest earthly memories. It may be that you have read the 'Psalm of Life,' and 'Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer,' and that group of heart utterances entitled 'Voices of the Night,' and 'Evangeline,' and have recognized them as among the gems of literature. Gems they are indeed; and in my memory they have such a setting as makes them to me doubly dear. For I read them first, not amidst the distractions of city life, but while a boy, and on winter evenings by a country fireside. For many years I have rarely heard a line of one of these poems, or of any other of the earlier poems of our poet, as I have never read one of them myself, when that old scene of the country fireside and the wierd winter evenings has not risen into vision from out the past. What a new world of romance and beauty these simple poems made for me. What a new light they cast on life and the world, which were then before me. Not a word had the poet then published, in prose or rhyme, that I did not read as under a spell. I have personal reason, therefore, to give grateful homage to the genius of the man who helped to open the eyes of my vision to a wider and diviner world, and introduce my heart to a life better than the commonplace life. Other poets of the ages may be greater than Longfellow, but none can ever to me be dearer."

The pulpit of the First Unitarian Church, Harvard Square, where Longfellow was formerly a worshipper and pew-owner, was occupied by Mr. Theodore Williams, superintendent of the Sunday

School. He spoke very briefly concerning the poet, and during his sermon simply referred to him as the firm friend of the congregation, the poet of humanity and a man beloved by all.

There are no reports accessible from other churches in Cambridge.

At the South Congregational Church, Boston, Dr. E. E. Hale said: "My last personal interview of any importance with our dear friend was not many months ago, when I went to Cambridge to ask him to prepare for singing, words which might be sung to the music of one of the five masses, the Latin words of which are not suited to the worship of Christians today. He took great interest in the project I laid before him, in that he thought that the five masses might be so adapted to the English language that people of the English races might use them as the Latin races do. I do not know but what he has made some progress in that work in which he was so much interested then. Whether he has or has not done anything in that, he has furnished the words for the Christian song for all English speaking congregations. The 'Hymns of the Night' will be read and sung while the English language lasts. In the 'Psalm of Life'—the central hymn of them all—he has embodied that simple, central Christian statement which quickened all his life. We will sing that psalm now." The congregation then joined in singing the familiar hymn beginning, "Tell me not in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream."

Rev. William Everett of Quincy conducted the service at the First Church on Berkeley street. He said: "There are now lying in the ancient city across the river, waiting for the last honors of reverence and affection, the lifeless remains which for seventy-five years were animated by a soul revered and loved as few in America have ever been. For forty years, wherever the English language was spoken or read, his works have been known and his name repeated as comprehending all that was tender, pure and true. His were indeed such poems as he asked to have read:

'Songs which gushed from his heart  
As dews from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start.'



With the ear of two kindred nations completely at his command, he might, if he would, have led his readers captive along roads of melody fringed with such pernicious flowers, and heavy with such poisonous air as the bards he condescended sometimes to translate, Göethe and Heine, or their sickly imitators of the present day, offer to their admirers. But he could not and he would not. He dared not insult the spirit that had touched his lips with hallowed fire by such reeking and foul offerings. Of him, as truly as of an earlier bard, it may be said his works contained

‘Not one immoral, one corrupting thought,  
One line, which dying, he could wish to blot.’

He was preëminently the poet of duty. He did not seek, like Wordsworth, to retire into the loneliness of nature and boast that his hard-working brethren could not understand her like himself; but he drew his themes from that nature combined with human life which our streets and our fields show us, and where man is working out his Father’s will through happiness and through sorrow.”

In King’s Chapel Rev. H. W. Foote said: “Today our hearts are very tender with what has just become to us the beautiful memory of the beloved poet whose songs are hushed in silence. How much he has brought to those who are oldest among us, of pure refreshment; to those in middle life, from their earliest memory, of inspiration for the tasks of life, of comfort in its sorrows, of fair and tranquil thoughts that have cheered the rugged path of life, like the murmur of living actors beside it; to children, who almost yesterday gathered, as it were, around him with his songs upon their lips. To him it has been given to be as a brook in the way for unnumbered souls, whereof, bending to drink, they have lifted up their head and gone singing with new heart upon their road. It is not often allotted, and yet, to each of us, in our place and measure, it may be thus to do something for the cheer of others. As the best poem of our poet was his life, that poem each of us may seek to make by truth and fidelity.”

Rev. M. T. Munger, D. D., of North Adams, closes an appreciative article in the Independent thus:

"The most consolatory thought we have in the hour of his loss is that all this purity and beauty is a reflex of the man himself. There was no discord between his sentiments and his character, between his poetry and his life. This is the charm of each—that it is the image of the other. In other words, he was true. There is a steadiness, a fidelity, a binding of day to day in natural piety that make the memory of the man a blessing and a national treasure.

"As he lived, so was his end—in peace. In pensive waiting his last days were spent, sensible of the change and brevity of life, but undisturbed, as these late lines show :

'With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,  
We sailed for the Hesperides,  
The land where golden apples grow;  
But that—ah! that was long ago.

'How far, since then, the ocean streams  
Have swept us from that land of dreams,  
The land of fiction and of truth,  
The lost Atlantis of our youth!

'Whither—ah! whither? Are not these  
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,  
Where sea-gulls scream and breakers roar  
And wreck and sea-weed line the shore?

'*Ultima Thule!* Utmost isle!  
Here in thy harbors for awhile  
We lower our sails; awhile we rest  
From the unending, endless quest.'"

We will let the poet himself sing the closing strains of this section of our book.

#### FAREWELL.

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.  
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,  
And you will have another friend in heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of the door  
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

\* \* \* \* \*

And in your life let my remembrance linger,  
As something not to trouble and disturb it,  
But to complete it, adding life to life.  
And if at times beside the evening fire  
You see my face among the other faces,  
Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you,  
Nay, even one of your own family,  
Without whose presence there was something wanting.  
*[From The Golden Legend.]*

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## POETICAL TRIBUTES.

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### THERE IS NO DEATH!

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IN MEMORY OF H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition!"  
Oh poet, pure and sweet,  
We bring thy words, so full of precious meaning,  
And lay them at thy feet.

There is no death! Still, when our hearts are aching  
And bleed with anguish sore,  
Thy voice thro' "Resignation," soft and tender,  
Shall reach us as before.

There is no death! When faith and courage falter,  
 And hearts with fears are rife,  
 Thy lips with inspiration, clearer, deeper,  
 Shall breathe the "Psalm of Life."

There is no death! When "hours of days are numbered,  
 And voices of the night"  
 Shall wake the better, purer soul that slumbered  
 To holy, calm delight;

When, thro' the open doors, the dear departed  
 Shall come on errands sweet,  
 Thy well loved face, wreathed in a smile immortal,  
 Our rapturous gaze shall meet;

And we shall *know* "a bridge of light descends"  
 From that fair world to this,  
 "Across whose trembling planks" our loved ones come  
 Over the "dark abyss."

So, poet, take thine own; naught else we bring;  
 For thou, beloved seer,  
 Hast sounded all the depth of love and peace  
 While walking with us here.

And "that mysterious change from death to birth,"  
 Unto thy vision bright,  
 But makes more clear the glories of that world  
 Thy faith foresaw aright.

L. I. P.  
 [Cambridge Tribune.]

## THE POET KING.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

### I.

Didst know him? the poet king!  
 Hast heard the music that he wrought,  
 Floating on the very air of thought —  
 Music that the angels sing.

## II.

Yes, yes! thou'lt richer, holier be  
To read the words from his pure pen —  
The lyre that strikes "Good will to men" —  
And sets the bondman free.

## III.

His thoughts so pure almost divine,  
Touched with deep thrill the human heart,  
Leaving an impress deeper than all art,  
Building for eternity sublime.

## IV.

Such Muse as his ne'er lived before —  
So free from poisoned sting or dart,  
So full of Love, so full of heart,  
Fragrance wafted from a heavenly shore.

## V.

The little children loved his voice;  
They flocked to honor and to praise,  
Cheering the pathway of declining days,  
He the poet of their choice.

## VI.

That ebon chair in mansion lone —  
The gift of those so full of glee,  
Carved from the famous chestnut tree—  
Stands vacant in a vacant home.

## VII.

Why grieve and weep for him,  
Whose very words and life were bright  
With visions of the heavenly light,  
Where all was peace within.

## VIII.

Those left behind should ever live  
Responsive to his words and life,  
Midst worldly honor and mortal strife,  
Ready to do, and willing to forgive.

[*Cambridge Tribune.*]

THE NESTOR-POET.

---

His day is spent, and he is dead;  
The Nestor-poet's silvered head  
Is lying low, as, sad and slow,  
They bear him to his hollow bed.

His lips a voiceless silence keep;  
He sleeps, alas! a mortal sleep;  
His rayless eye cannot reply  
To other eyes that vainly weep.

No more, through sinuous tones, his song,  
In fresh-drawn notes shall move along;  
No magic theme through him shall dream  
In rhythmic music to the throng.

We call it Death; — it cannot be!  
From land to land, from sea to sea,  
A winged fame has borne his name;  
No Death can still his minstrelsy.

Oh poet of the golden lyre,  
Oh glory of our western choir,  
Thy living page, from age to age  
Shall light with an immortal fire!

[*S. H. Thayer in Christian at Work.*]

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THE PURE SINGER.

---

Ah! sweet, pure singer, whom we learned to love,  
Alike for song and for thy kindly ways,  
At length thy life has run its length of days  
On earth, and thou hast winged thy way above  
The mists of time, and, basking now in rays

Which from the throne of Love and Truth proceed —

(Love and Truth! day stars of thy earthly life,

Which always kept thee from ignoble strife)—

Happy must be thy gentle soul, indeed.

Ah! not for thee we mourn. Thy work is done,—

Rounded and finished like thy perfect rhyme,—

And thou hast heard the Father's words: "My son,

Enter into life. Put on the crown thou'st won

By words and actions in the realms of Time."

W.

[*Cambridge Tribune.*]

### THE POET BELOVED.

Poet beloved! Others thy loss deplore;

Rather that thou hast lived and sung let me

Rejoice, and thanks for long years due pay thee.

If 'twas not thine at giddy heights to soar,

Thy songs beside our fireside heard, the more

Delight us. Sweet and glad thy minstrelsy,

Which yet for human woes had sympathy,

And oft to fainting souls shall hope restore.

Moschus, when Bion died, his grief beguiled

By singing gloomy dirges to his friend,

And we, too, grief must feel — death has that power;

But thou shalt hear children's sweet voices blend,

Singing as on thy grave they roses shower —

"Poet beloved he shall henceforth be styled."

J. K.

[*Cambridge Tribune.*]

REPLY TO MR. LONGFELLOW'S POEM ADDRESSED TO  
THE CHILDREN WHO PRESENTED HIM  
WITH THE ARM-CHAIR.

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BY J. Q. A. JOHNSON, IN THE CAMBRIDGE TRIBUNE.

---

"Am I a king, that I should call my own  
This splendid ebon throne?"

---

He is a king, by right divine of song,  
A gracious one to whom his subjects bend,  
A stately monarch, yet to him belong  
The titles both of king and loving friend.

A king he reigns in Nature's vast domain,  
To whom she brings her offering every day,  
And both the sunshine and the pattering rain  
Own themselves subject to his loving sway.

He hears the songs we strive in vain to hear,  
Intended for his listening ear alone.  
To him mysterious sounds do all seem clear, —  
He knows them all when seated on his throne.

As Solomon of old could understand  
The language uttered by each beast and bird,  
So in the realm of earth or wonderland  
He can interpret every sound that's heard.

He is a friend with sympathy for all  
The suffering that our sad world bears.  
No woes of man in vain upon him call,  
For every heavy burden borne he cares.



A friend to children — who hath told so well  
The story of fair childhood's wondrous time?  
Or, who on child-life cast such mystic spell,  
In such poetic and such charming rhyme?

The voices of the day and night to him  
The deepest lessons of our life have brought,  
And stately halls and many a cloister dim  
To him their secret meaning oft have taught.

The poet king of Zion did of old  
Sing oft his sweetest psalm amid the strife;  
So, midst the struggle of our day, was told  
For us our poet's precious "Psalm of Life."

Of living bards he surely is the king,  
And in the true succession he doth reign.  
For old and young long may he live and sing;  
"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

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### THE IMMORTAL BARD.

---

BY NINA GRAY CLARKE.

---

What visitor hath sought our realm  
And claimed our soul of song,  
Led off the bard with voice and harp  
We've called our own so long?

We see the beckonings at the stream  
Which mortal barrier spans,  
His tracks, impressed in strength and love,  
Trace in the yielding sands.

Scarce had the voice of children ceased,  
As paused they in their mirth  
To catch the echoes from their bard  
To celebrate his birth,

When on his bridge of light we see  
 Our tender poet stand,  
 And ling'ring, loving, part the veil  
 For glance of spirit band.

He left his mantle trailing far,  
 Ev'n through the dark abyss,  
 And all its folds are gemmed with stars,  
 Lights to that world from this.

It seems not meet that one should dare  
 To touch the soulful lyre,  
 Whose strings still vibrate with the strains  
 Great genius doth inspire.

But, in life's common beating heart,  
 Humanity's great whole,  
 There dwells a love that must respond  
 To language of the soul.

There, smothered in this mighty breast,  
 Are volumes that are dumb,  
 Until the poet enters in  
 And gives them all a tongue.

Come one, come all, and gather 'round  
 To offer tribute dear;  
 His verse some blessing claims from thee —  
 A smile, a pray'r, or tear.

Sweet purity and truth the base  
 'Round which he twined his flow'rs,  
 And while their sacred perfumes rise,  
 Th' immortal bard is ours.

[*Cambridge Tribune.*]

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## WHOSE SHALL THE WELCOME BE?

BY ELIZABETH STEWART PHELPS.

---

The wave goes down, the wind goes down,  
 The gray tide glitters on the sea,  
 The moon seems praying in the sky.  
 Gates of the New Jerusalem  
 (A perfect pearl each gate of them),  
 Wide as all heaven swing on high;  
 Whose shall the welcome be?

The wave went down, the wind went down,  
 The tide of life turned out to sea ;  
 Patience of pain and grace of deed,  
 The glories of the heart and brain,  
 Treasure that shall not come again ;  
 The human singing that we need,  
 Set to a heavenly key.

The wave goes down, the wind goes down,  
 All tides at last turn to the sea.  
 We learn to take the thing we have.  
 Thou who hast taught us strength in grief,  
 As moon to shadow, high and chief,  
 Shine out, white soul, beyond the grave,  
 And light our loss of thee !

ANDOVER, MASS.

[*The Independent.*]

TO H. W. L. ON HIS BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1867.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I need not praise the sweetness of his song,  
 Where limped verse to limped verse succeeds,  
 Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest he wrong  
 The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides along,  
 Full without noise, and whispers in his reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his name  
 Is blown about the world, but to his friends  
 A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,  
 And Love steals shyly through the loud acclaim  
 To murmur a *God bless you !* and there ends.

As I muse backward up the checkered years  
 Wherein so much was given, so much was lost,  
 Blessings in both kinds, such as cheapen tears, —  
 But hush ! this is not for profaner ears ;  
 Let them drink molten pearls nor dream the cost.

Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core,  
As naught but nightshade grew upon earth's ground ;  
Love turned all his to heart's-ease, and the more  
Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door  
Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound.

Even as a wind-waved fountain's swaying shade  
Seems of mixed race, a gray wraith shot with sun,  
So through his trial faith translucent rayed  
Till darkness, half disnaturaed so betrayed  
A heart of sunshine that would fain o'errun.

Surely if skill in song the shears may stay,  
And of its purpose cheat the charmed abyss,  
If our poor life be lengthened by a lay,  
He shall not go although his presence may,  
And the next age in praise shall double this.

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READ AT THE CAMBRIDGE HIGH SCHOOL FEB. 27, 1882.

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WRITTEN BY JOHN OWEN.

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To you, who gather here today  
Poet's natal hour to sing  
In his own melodious lay,  
Through the ages that shall ring,

Scarcely need I him recall,  
Who so large a place doth fill  
In the hearts of one and all,  
And I trust forever will ;

Yet may one, whom, from a child,  
Through the changeful scenes of life,  
Has his friendship so beguiled,  
Briefly speak when thoughts are rife.

To what other honored bard  
Can our favorite be compared?  
Art and Nature's watch and ward!  
To none other have I dared.

Like the beautiful new snow  
Is the whiteness of his verse;  
Whispering solemn and low  
Stars to him their chime rehearse;

Not a moment's wandering  
From the path of higher truth,  
Not a sentiment to bring  
Blushes to the cheek of youth;

Not a wound-inflicting word  
To repel the critic's thrust,  
Do his generous lines afford,  
Letting right the wrong adjust;

But, as from his eagle pen,  
Flows the stream of lofty thought,  
Everywhere have earnest men  
Noblest inspiration caught.

Him to praise, whom every land  
Long since with its laurel crowned,  
Easy task to feeblest hand,  
And a pleasing one is found;

For the graces of his life  
To our equal love aspire,  
Not a deed with word at strife —  
What can lover more desire?

When shall Nature, having here  
Thus produced a finished man,  
In her time create his peer,  
While to Art she links her plan?

*[Cambridge Tribune.]*

AT LAST.

---

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;  
O love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting;  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace —  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

[Whittier in *March Atlantic*.]

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THE GOLDEN SUNSET.

---

The golden sea its mirror spreads  
Beneath the golden skies,  
And but a narrow strip between  
Of land and shadow lies.

The cloud-like rocks, the rock-like clouds  
Dissolved in glory float,  
And midway of the radiant flood,  
Hangs silently the boat.

The sea is but another sky,  
The sky a sea as well,  
And which is earth and which is heaven,  
The eye can scarcely tell.

So when for us life's evening hour,  
Soft fading shall descend,  
May glory, born of earth and heaven,  
The earth and heaven blend.

Flooded with peace the spirits float,  
With silent rapture glow,  
Still where earth ends and heaven begins,  
The soul shall scarcely know. *[Longfellow.]*

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### MAIDENHOOD.

---

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearst thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!  
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;  
Age, that bough with snow encumbered.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

[*Longfellow.*]



## REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES.

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An old and very intimate friend of Professor Longfellow on being asked to give a few reminiscences or incidents in the life of the poet, said: "Well, you have imposed a hard task upon me now. I became acquainted with Mr. Longfellow about the time of the starting of the Atlantic Monthly, and there is practically nothing that I now recall that is like a reminiscence. Springing from a family of ample means and with an earnest, natural desire for study, Mr. Longfellow was a professor of languages at an age when most young men are amusing themselves yachting or running through the woods or over mountains. His life was like a river, broad and placid, and spreading out without a break or ripple. While mild and gentle in his manners, there was an outspoken frankness about him which won all hearts. He delighted to draw around him his intimate friends, and many of his works only thinly disguised their friendship. Among his most intimate social connections were Professor Felton, Charles Sumner, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Emerson, and, in his earlier life, Mr. Hawthorne. Of late he has been very friendly with Professor Monti. Of course there were many others who were intimates of the house, but those that I have mentioned were his warmest friends. In regard to his literary work he was most quiet and unassuming, and always perfected his productions before allowing them to be seen by the outside world. His copy when sent to the publisher was always in a printed form, for he maintained a private printing office, and had his work thus perfected before parting with it. In this connection there is another thing that is not perhaps generally known ;

Mr. Longfellow has the original manuscripts of his works elegantly bound and arranged on the shelves of his library. As I before said, not a single reminiscence comes to my mind at the present time, and it is almost impossible for me to conceive that he is dead. Why, I called on him about a week ago and found him so light-hearted and gay that I remarked the circumstance and commented upon it."

Mr. Longfellow always bore the infliction of countless visitors with a genial patience. "I consider," he used to say, "that I have entertained a great many angels unawares."

Mr. Longfellow was born in a wooden house in Portland, which is still standing, and which is known to all the children of the city as the first abode of their favorite poet. One day, recently, a teacher in one of the public schools, after giving divers moral lessons on Longfellow's beautiful life, asked her pupils if any of them knew where the poet was born. A little hand went up in a hurry, and a small voice piped forth, "In Patsey Connor's bedroom"—Master Connor being now one of the occupants of the old Longfellow house.

Longfellow was once asked whether Paul Fleming in "Hyperion" was a character drawn from life. He paused a full half minute, then answered: "He was what I thought I might have been; but I never—" He shaded his face with one hand, and did not complete the sentence.

The working-people always found a friend in the poet. His poems delighted them and his presence was always a benediction. One day he was walking down the street on which he lives, where a laborer, an Irishman, was working at the pavement. He stopped to notice the work in progress, when the latter said with a rich brogue: "Are you Mr. Longfellow?" "Yes," was the reply. "Longfellow the poet?" "Yes." "And will ye let me shake your hand?" "Certainly." Then, after carefully wiping his hand, he took the poet's and

shook it with expressions of gratitude and regard. This pleased this famous man more than many a lofty testimony.

The mother of Captain Nathan Appleton was a Miss Sumner, a cousin of Charles Sumner. She was of about the same age as Longfellow, and the two were always intimate friends. Before she married Mr. Appleton, and before Mr. Longfellow married his wife, one day when he came from Portland to call upon her he wore a pair of new boots, which were very noisy. When he went away the next day, he left a little poem written on a card, which Captain Appleton still has in his possession. It was as follows:

I knew by the boots that so terribly creaked,  
Along the front entry, a stranger was near;  
I said if there's grease to be found in the world,  
My friend from the East stands in need of it here.

When the poet was dying, the editor of the Tribune passed the gateway as friends were going in. Many of the school children were passing at the time, and when they were told that he whom they all loved, and who loved them, was soon to pass from mortal sight away, they brought their voices to a whisper and warned each other not to make disturbance. One little boy says to another, "Let us walk very softly by and not make a noise." Another said, "Don't let us talk loud." The affection of the children for Mr. Longfellow has been one of the most touching lessons of all.

An author who is today rapidly winning his way, at the commencement of his literary career brought to the poet an effusion for his criticism. Mr. Longfellow, after reading it, said with the same guarded care of speech which always characterized him, "I would advise not too much haste in having this poem printed. I find in my own case it is better often to wait, consider and perhaps revise." The advice was followed, and the poem was duly considered but never revised.

No wonder the working-people loved Mr. Longfellow and that he has come to be known as the people's poet. Not only the inspiration of his works show his love for all humanity, but his life in Cam-

bridge has been a gospel of itself, instilling love and truth in every heart. One of the poorest workingmen in the vicinity of his home relates the story of meeting the poet one day, and bowing, said, "Mr. Longfellow, if I dared to ask such a favor, it would do me good to go into your house and take a look." "Why should you not ask as much as any other man such a privilege?" said the poet; "come with me and you may take a look, as you desire." The poet led the way and took the man through the various rooms of interest himself, and when he bade him adieu expressed the pleasure it gave him to show him through the mansion of such historic interest.

No man ever walked the streets of Cambridge for whom the children had such a wonderful respect as Longfellow. One morning in spring-time the poet came down the walk from his house when he heard loud and angry voices of children near by. As he stepped on the street he found two boys engaged in a severe combat for the possession of a bunch of lilacs which the smaller boy of the two had brought from his home. He stepped quickly to the combatants and asked them to desist from fighting, and after ascertaining the cause, he led the boys to his grounds and bending down one of the luxuriant lilac trees cut some beautiful bunches therefrom, and as he handed a bunch to each, said: "My dear boys never quarrel; it don't pay. If you want lilacs come to me and you shall have them freely." That was years ago, and the boys, now grown to man's estate, have never forgotten the lesson of that morning.

The Longfellow mansion was a famous resort for the hand-organ men. Many neighbors often wondered at it and how it was the family could endure so much music of that kind. Those best informed were aware, however, that Longfellow enjoyed their coming, as it seemed to bring comfort and rest. For years it has been the custom of the family to give each organ man six cents. On the day of the poet's death three appeared and were turned away by the police who were on duty at the time.

The New York Herald reports an interview with a brother-in-law of H. W. Longfellow. His father, Mr. Nathan Appleton, and

Mr. Longfellow were travelling in Switzerland. They reached Zurich, where the landlord charged very exorbitant prices for their entertainment. Mr. Appleton wrote his name on the books and paid while demurring at the price charged. "I have not put my name on the books," said Mr. Longfellow, "and if you will allow me, I will treat the innkeeper as he deserves." The name of the inn was "Raven." He took the book away and soon returned with these lines :

"Beware of the raven of Zurich,  
'Tis a bird of omen ill,  
With an ugly, unclean nest  
And a very, very long bill."

Mr. Longfellow had a very keen sense of the humorous, and many a witty impromptu was occasioned by some slight incident or accident. One summer twenty years ago, when the Appletons were living in Lynn, the poet's son, Charles, who was very fond of sailing a boat, and who has since become a famous yachtsman, came in his boat one day to make a call. The surf was high and the boat was capsized, and he was thrown into the water. He was wet through of course, and was compelled to make an entire change of clothing. Captain Nathan Appleton, in place of shoes, loaned him a pair of slippers, which he wore home. Mr. Longfellow, the poet, returned the slippers a few days afterwards done up in a neat package with this little stanza :

"Slippers that perhaps another  
Sailing o'er the bay of Lynn,  
A forlorn or shipwrecked nephew,  
Seeing, may purloin again.

One day Mr. Longfellow came into the Tribune office, and after warm congratulations and earnest expressions of interest for the success of the paper, he turned to the desk occupied by Miss Dexter, and addressing her said : "My dear young lady, this is a noble calling for a woman, and I am glad to see you so usefully employed. If more ladies occupied editorial chairs and places of trust and influence in

business houses, we should see a purer atmosphere and a more healthful state in society. May you long continue to aid in spreading such pure reading as I always find in the Cambridge Tribune."

Mr. Dexter, the editor of the Tribune, in commencing his lengthy article on "Longfellow," published in the Cambridge Tribune March 31st, 1882, thus speaks of the poet:

"We see him now as he came to us when we had just helped to launch the Tribune, and taking us so warmly by the hand gave kindly counsel and warm cheer, believing, as he expressed it, 'there is room for just such a paper as the Cambridge Tribune.' The encouragement he gave us then and since has been of as much value in our work (and, too, when the large majority looked with suspicion and doubt as to the success of our enterprise) as any one influence, and probably the most. The memory of that look, the grasp of that hand, and the earnest words will live with us forever. The presence and cheer of such a friend is more valued than paltry gold, and it has been an inspiration, causing us to work with a will to overcome all obstacles.

"Meeting him one day, he said, 'I have not forgotten you, you shall hear from me soon.' Not long afterward came to hand the copy for us to use first in our columns, the tender and touching poem by which Mr. Longfellow conveyed his thanks to the children."

Queen Victoria once said to Theodore Martin, and he told it as long ago as 1877: "I wished for you this morning, for you would have seen something that would have delighted you as a man of letters. The American poet Longfellow has been here. I noticed an unusual interest among the attendants and servants. I could scarcely credit that they so generally understood who he was. When he took his leave they concealed themselves in places from which they could get a good look at him as he passed. I have since inquired among them, and am surprised and pleased to find that many of his poems are familiar to them. No other distinguished person has come here who has excited so peculiar an interest. Such poets wear a crown that is imperishable."

The London Observer of March 26, contained a feeling tribute to Longfellow, which concludes with the following words: "It is scarcely too much to say that since the death of Byron no living English poet enjoyed so wide a popularity as Longfellow."

The Times says: "The purity of Mr. Longfellow's thoughts, his affinity with all that is noblest in human nature, his unflinching command of refined, harmonious language, will continue to draw readers, notwithstanding the judgment of critics that he is not a poet of the very first rank. It will seem to many that his death marks the close of a distinct era in American literature. One cannot readily point to worthy successors of the brilliant group to which he belonged."

The Globe says: "It is not yielding to the supposed prevailing tendency to indiscriminately extol Americans to say that the death of Mr. Longfellow is a national loss to England. A general and true appreciation was accorded him here, even at a time when America was anything but popular."

O Lord, who seest from yon starry height,  
 Centered in one the future and the past,  
 Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast  
 The world obscures in me what once was bright.  
 Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given  
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;  
 Yet in the hoary winter of my days,  
 Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.  
 Celestial King! O let thy presence pass  
 Before my spirit, and an image fair  
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,  
 As the reflected image in a glass  
 Doth meet the look of him who sees it there,  
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

[*The Image of God.*]

We are thankful that the present age is graced by such a poet as Mr. Longfellow, whose extraordinary accomplishments and research, and devotion to his high calling, can hardly be overrated. His productions must always command our deep attention; for in them we are

certain to meet with great beauty of thought and very elegant diction. [*Blackwood's Magazine*.]

Whether we are charmed by his imagery, or soothed by his melodious versifications, or elevated by the high moral teachings of his pure muse, or follow with sympathizing hearts the wanderings of Evangeline, I am sure that all who hear my voice will join me in the tribute I desire to pay to the genius of Longfellow.—[*Cardinal Wiseman*.]

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## LONGFELLOW IN LIFE AND LETTERS.

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"When society prepares molds, God is ever ready to fill them." At the beginning of the century we had but two great names in literature and thought—Franklin and Edwards. Since that period we have produced three noted novelists—Cooper, Hawthorne and Mrs. Stowe; several great historians and orators; a goodly number of ripe scholars, and "at least six poets fit to be so-called." These men, who in their several spheres fell "so easily into their high places and gathered about them so honest and well-worn honors, hold a very dear place in the American heart." In a provincial age, when thought was narrow and learning ran in grooves, these men who are now passing off the stage came forward, as by divine impulse, and authentically stamped with marks of culture and genius their century—six of them nearly together—and sang in so clear and unmistakable accents as to command the ear of the world of letters. "No one of these poets is the imitator of or seems affected by another, but go their own way called and elected to a special occasion. In no one of them is the selecting and ordaining gift more apparent than in Longfellow." He has sung so deliciously to the heart of the people that the nation crowns him laureate.

The genius of Longfellow was both versatile and scholarly. He was familiar not only with the languages, but with the *literatures* of nearly all European languages. His imagination, so highly refined, employed its muse in the music of flowing verse, to sing the unuttered emotions of the human heart, to voice the common thoughts of life. This paragraph in "Hyperion" gives the key to his genius: "Per-



haps, Gentle Reader, thou art one of those who think the days of romance gone forever. Believe it not! Oh, believe it not! Thou hast at this moment in thy heart as sweet a romance as was ever written. Thou art not less a woman because thou dost not sit aloft in a tower, with a tassel-gentle on thy wrist. Thou art not less a man, because thou wearest no hauberk, nor mailsark, and goest not on horseback after foolish adventures. Every one has a romance in his own heart." Every one has a song in his own heart, but he has not the accomplishment of verse to express it. Mr. Longfellow has given beauty and inspiration to prosaic lives by simply telling them in touching lays what is in themselves. The thoughts of the "Village Blacksmith" revolved in thousands of common minds, but it was reserved for our poet to put those thoughts into verse, and send them singing cheer and courage to every brawny arm that swings the heavy sledge at the smoking forge. Thousands of "mute, inglorious" Longfellow's, in cottage, cabin and forecastle, find thus tongues to sing their own thoughts in smooth, delicate, rolling rhythm. His muse kindles the slumbering fires of poetry in all hearts; for, as Mr. Howells tells us, "This poet is the traveller of the wide realm of thought, the world of imagination. He has touched at all the sunny Mediterranean and Adriatic ports; all the French and Spanish coasts are known to him; he brings wealth from the frozen Scandinavian lands as rare as the ivory set in the beryl of the immemorial icebergs; he gathers flotsam from the bays and inlets, the lakes and rivers, of home. Full of the world, he transmutes his large experience and far-brought learning into the poems we know with a secure and patient art."

We have heard the hardy lumberman, in the back-woods of his native State, swinging his axe into the lordly pine to the rhythm of the "Psalm of Life:"

"Heart within and God o'erhead."

We have heard the ship-builders driving the spikes and treenails into the sides of the ship,

"With vigorous arms on every side,"

To the music of his numbers. We have heard the soldier in the

camp, as he caught sight of a sail on the Potomac, recite with a glowing eloquence that might have thrilled the halls of Congress:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

We have heard the peasant at her washtub making her labor light and queenly by repeating lines from his "Excelsior." We have seen the aged sire at the fireside in the long winter evening, with a brow radiant in hope, as he recalled passages in the "Footsteps of Angels."

It is a fine saying of Dr. Munger that "no one ever reads a line of this poet without feeling rested." His poems are great because great meaning can be put into them. He is great because he preëminently is the poet of repose and peace in an age of wild unrest. "We need him as a tired child needs a soothing nurse." Coming generations will need him, to take the imagination of the young, satisfied and charmed, through the paths he has gone with footsteps as pure as those of angels: to teach sturdy manhood how to *feel*, as well as how to act, ever in sympathy with goodness and justice and order and household love.

We here bring our little volume to a close by letting the poet himself sing the last lay. The following note to the New York Independent will explain the origin of the poem:

"Now that our best and sweetest poet has left us, rending by his departure the veil of that sanctuary—his inmost life and feeling—it may not be unlawful to publish, what would have been sacrilege before, the following touching poem, not written for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife in 1861. It was sent to me by a friend in Boston some years ago, after my own great affliction, and has, therefore, a double sacredness to all who have passed through a similar sorrow. It will be read by many with tearful eyes, when they remember how

long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart he has waited at the "station," till now, at last, "the parted" are made "one."

H. M. GOODWIN.

OLIVET COLLEGE, MICH.

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VIA SOLITARIA.

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Alone I walk the peopled city,  
Where each seems happy with his own;  
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity —  
I walk alone.

No more for me yon lake rejoices,  
Though moved by loving airs of June;  
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices  
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches  
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;  
In vain the evening's starry marches  
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, Summer flowers;  
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;  
They gaze on other fields than ours —  
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,  
The blade is stolen from the sheath;  
Life has but one more boon to offer,  
And that is — Death.

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,  
And, therefore, life and health must crave,  
Though she who gave the world its beauty  
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living  
Who drew their earliest life from thee,  
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving  
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station  
Wherein apart a traveller stands —  
One absent long from home and nation,  
In other lands.

And I, as he who stands and listens,  
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,  
To hear, approaching in the distance,  
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,  
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
On yonder shores a bride is waiting  
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,  
And there — oh! vision of delight! —  
I see the child and mother straying  
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breakest,  
Stealing the treasures one by one,  
I'll call Thee blessed when thou makest  
The parted — one.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1863.

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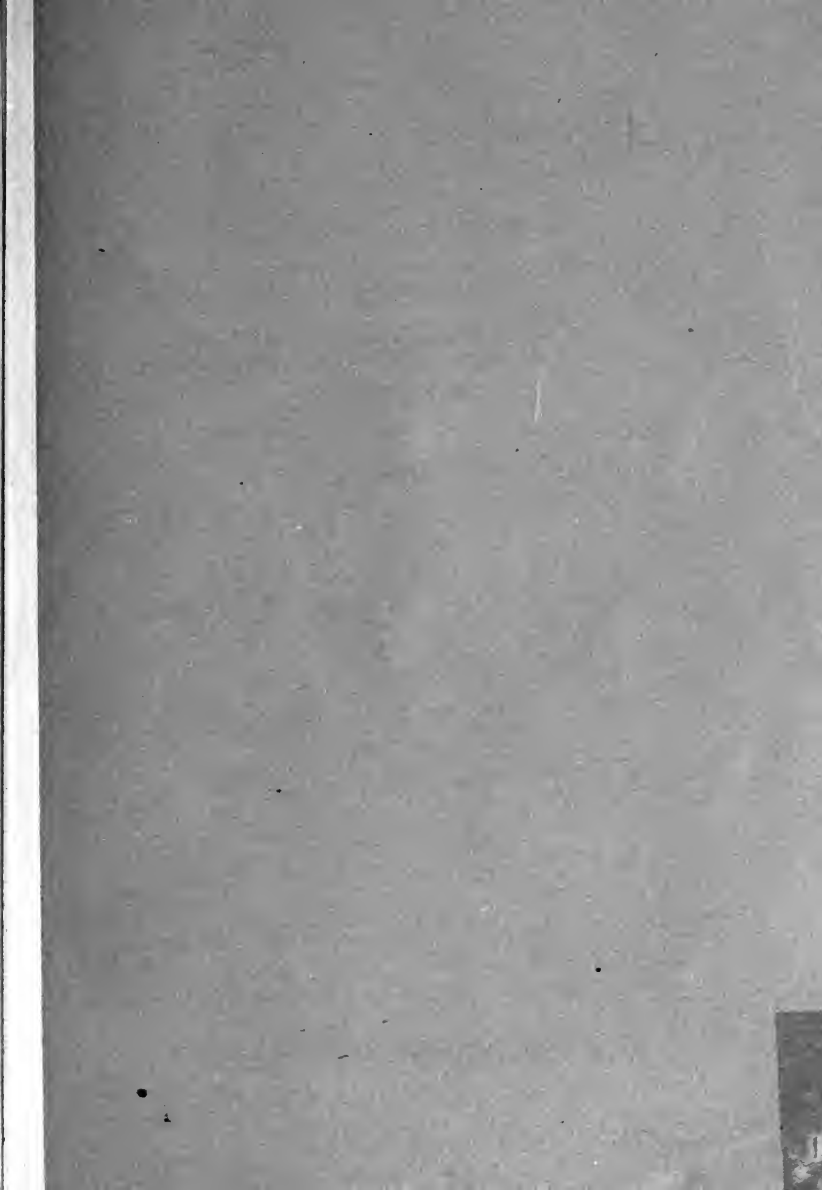
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